



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

F H. CLERGUE, who is a manager of the great pulp industry at Sault Ste. Marie (Canadian side), delivered an address on Monday to the Toronto Board of Trade, which it is to be hoped put some new life into some of the business men who are business men individually, but not collectively, yet who are presumed by the public to be gorgeous though uncrowned kings of commerce, because they pay a fee of fifteen or twenty dollars a year to a Board, which at best isn't much of a Board, and is called a Board of Trade, largely because it has so little to do with trade. A large number of people belong to the Board of Trade who never go near it. The corporate outfit has been more or less of a failure in everything it has tried, and has probably even less influence than the Trades and Labor Council. I am sorry to say this, because I had considerable faith in the institution until I saw everything fall down which it touched, and directly and indirectly the City of Toronto owes little or nothing to this huge organization of men who are admittedly the leading people of this city. If a man wants to be defeated for Mayor or alderman all he has to do is to become the candidate of the Board of Trade, and he will have to walk the plank as surely as there is a plank to be walked. As a corporation this great aggregation of the money and ability of Toronto has proved a failure, though it should be more or less of a school in which young business men should find both precept and example liable to guide them along the commercial road to success. The Board of Trade building is more or less of a failure as an enterprise; the life insurance feature of the Board of Trade was one of the most distinguished failures which people who know how to read and write ever went into. Altogether the Board of Trade may have been of some use to somebody, but as an institution it does not tower skyward in this vicinity, even though many of the most prominent of Toronto's successful men have been presidents of it and have worked hard to do something with it.

I say this about the Toronto Board of Trade, not because I am anxious to talk disrespectfully of what is as well known and highly esteemed as a great institution as the Equator itself, and has as little influence as that same imaginary line. It is done at the risk of being personally disliked by certain Board of Trade people, to bring into notice a man who has a method, and who has done more for Canada in what was little better than a lumber village than the whole Toronto Board of Trade put together has done for Toronto. Mr. Clergue came from the rugged and inhospitable State of Maine, and established a pulp manufacturing business on the Canadian side of the Sault Ste. Marie, which was the wonder of the Ontario Legislature when that august body stayed over for a day to see what Mr. Clergue was doing. Ontario legislators and the Legislature of any known province, or the council of any considerable hamlet, never go to visit the Toronto Board of Trade, tremendous as that body is, or ought to be. Nevertheless, one of the largest ships on the inland waters delayed its progress for over a day in order to permit those who make the laws for this province to see what Mr. Clergue's great establishment is doing in the huge factory built of stone taken out of the Canadian Canal, which is a hive of industry which no one will ever forget who has seen it. Mr. Clergue, who is a graduate of the laboratory, has behind him in his enterprise, it is true, millions of dollars, sufficient to ensure a reasonable trial of any experiment which he suggests; but how did he get these millions? Not by being a millionaire himself, but by having the capacity to make millionaires and lead them.

He is a young man, of charming manners, and has associated with him brothers who are almost as clever as himself. The world is coming to his feet because he has done something to bring the world in that direction. Ontario is willing to assist him to build railroads, that pulp and ore may come to his factory and rolling mills. He has not used Boards of Trade, nor social position, nor anything but his brains to bring about a result, the modest telling of which astounded the Toronto Board of Trade, as it has astounded everybody who knows what Mr. Clergue has done. Perhaps what astounded people most is that there were not ten thousand Clergues all trying to do the same thing, with a chance to make the money and to build up the tremendous works which seem so absolutely obvious now that the great work has been begun and carried to a successful era in its advancement. The young and middle-aged men of Canada have a right to stare at one another and wonder why a man had to come all the way from Maine to see this chance and to take advantage of it. Those who know Mr. Clergue will appreciate that he is by no means an ordinary man, either in manners or capacity to do business, but we have a great many men who would look extraordinary if they had done the same or similar extraordinary things. Young Canadians have an opportunity to be the same Napoleons of mining and milling schemes which will make millionaires of themselves and their backers, if they only approach the opportunities which our back woods and mineral lands afford. True, everyone cannot be on the highway of inland commerce and as favorably located as Mr. Clergue and his enterprises, but there are still thousands of chances within reach of products to be manufactured and opportunities to get those products to market. It only needs the organizing ability, the study and the experimental faculty of a Clergue, Toronto and Canada cannot use such men too well, so long as they do not sacrifice the public domain in getting to further schemes which may reach further than the getting of private gain should permit. So far the project under discussion has not developed such features, and Canadian newspapers and organizations of business men and universities can very well make a note of how a young man has in this country how to develop resources which otherwise would still be lying idle. In a nutshell, the lesson is that a young man like Clergue, who is a chemist, and the organizer of chemists and metallurgists, and an executive head, and who has built up a huge institution, and practically taught Canada the conduct of an industry, is worth more than a huge institution of the best men of a city, all of whom are individually successful, but who, as a Board of Trade, couldn't successfully engineer a scow across the bay to the Island.

THE rise and fall of great institutions illustrate not only the change of public taste, the revolutions which are quietly accomplished in business, but how transitory conditions and the inadaptability of the heads of old institutions to get themselves in touch with the populace sometimes bring down big houses with a crash. There is scarcely a reader of the English language in the civilized world who is unacquainted with the name of Harper Brothers, the great publishers of New York, whose fifty-cent library was the first that I can remember as an attempt to publish cheap books. "Harper's Magazine," "Harper's Weekly," "Harper's Bazar," are all alive to-day, but the Harpers as a firm, and as the publishers who built up the great business which still wears the name, have disappeared, apparently without a dollar saved from the wreckage. A board of trustees, or something equivalent to that, has been appointed by the creditors of Harper's, which has taken over the whole concern to administer it, without, apparently, having taken into consideration the Harpers themselves, who, like Clemens (Mark Twain), when his firm failed as pub-

lishers, assumed all the liabilities and paid them off.

The suspension of Appleton & Company, another of the greatest publishing firms in the world, has been announced, and, as in the case of the Harpers and Mark Twain, everyone expresses the greatest possible sympathy. It is not known how the company will come out of their embarrassment, but judging by the expressions of the newspapers commenting thereon the disaster is one which has been accumulating for some time, and has as its cause the reduction of the number of readers of books, following the increase in size and circulation of newspapers. The wars, between the United States and Spain, and between Great Britain and the Boers, are said to have had an effect, inasmuch as people are so eager to read of the daily woundings and killings that books are not necessary to fill up leisure time. These events are not comforting to publishers who are not engaged in supplying daily sensations, neither are they indicative of the growth of popular taste in the direction of high-class magazines and such literature as is intended to lead and form public opinion, rather than to cater to the lust of bloodshed and the appetite for highly-spiced stuff which is only intended to tickle the

stranger's door for two or three meals a day, are nothing compared with the huge army of leaners who never give those who are leaned against a breathing spell.

I can remember when, at school, youngsters used to say, "Lean on your own breakfast." I have ever since felt the impulse to tell people to lean on their own breakfast. I have never found a good leaning place—I do not think I wanted to lean very much—but nobody would let me even take a try at it. Probably those who are unfortunate would lean too heavily, for people refuse to stand too much of a burden. Those who lean lightly are women, but the trouble of the sex is that they are all at an angle, and the point of contact makes them a lean-to. They have their own burdens to bear, it is true, but it is equally true they often lean while they should be strong, and refuse to lean when and where they are really weak.

THIS seems to be the week when politics have to be talked, and Dame Rumor insists that within three months there will be a general election throughout the Dominion. Preparatory to this general election, and probably in view of it, Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., and his party

they go to the country in June, will win without a great deal of difficulty.

BROKER JAMES BAXTER'S term of five years for conspiring to wreck the Bank of Ville Marie, Montreal, will be received with pleasure by those who remember what this bank-wrecker had to do with the fate of the Central Bank here, and with the collapse of institutions in London, Ont., and Chicago. He has been a vulture, whose gains seem to have been largest when a big institution was to be put to the wall. This time he sailed too close to the wind and got caught, as a score of men who were his pigeons got caught before. He will be over seventy years of age of this sort, but wonderment will always exist as to what he old to make further mischief. Sympathy is wasted on a man when he comes out of the pen, and it is to be hoped, too did with the money he got, for he was not "one of the boys."

THE strange adventures of a politician named Martin, who is now chief ring-master of the provincial circus in British Columbia, excite unflinching interest throughout the whole of Canada. The said Joseph Martin has had much to do with political turmoils in various sections of the Dominion, and probably will continue to disturb situations arranged with and without his consent, until he passes away from this scene of mortal strife. Whether, when he crosses the line between Here and Hereafter he will quit breaking up governments and making trouble, no one can guess, for just when people think he has been quieted he rises up and becomes the most unquiet personage in the whole bunch. He kicked up all the trouble about the Manitoba School Bill, which saved the Greenway Government in Manitoba for several years, and by its mule-like back-action broke up the Bowell-Tupper Government at Ottawa later on. He went into British Columbia politics to rest himself while he was on a visit to the Coast, and made a few alleged Governments in Victoria, and now is proprietor of a Government of his own, with a queerly and hastily-assorted outfit of Ministers, and a platform which includes everything from a revised Ten Commandments to a declaration against Chinese cheap labor. "Fighting Joe" Martin is not a man who has many personal friends, but he seems to have the faculty of striking the popular notion of what should be done, and of apparently proceeding to do it in a hammer-and-tongs fashion, which somehow results in very little excepting noise and a general tendency to inaugurate a free fight.

Mr. Martin is said to entertain a very warm dislike of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, because he was not given the post now occupied by Mr. Sifton as Minister of the Interior. Keeping in mind Mr. Martin's fretful and destructive career, Sir Wilfrid's friends do not feel very sorry that the present Premier of British Columbia was kept out of the Cabinet, but it really would be interesting to know what would have happened if Joe Martin had ever warmed a chair by the council board of the present Dominion Government. It does not seem unlikely that the Martin Government may succeed in British Columbia, and there are many people in this country who have no regard for Mr. Martin himself, nor any belief that he is any smarter or more conscientious than his neighbors, who will be pleased to see the experiment of what is practically a socialistic Government, tried on our Pacific Coast, where, if such a thing is to be successful anywhere in Canada, it will have the best chance to have its fling.

THE attempt upon the life of the Prince of Wales by a scatter-brained boy need not be taken too seriously. As long as life lasts there will be cranks whom the fool-killer has missed, but, thank the Lord, they are generally poor shots.

MANITOBA, much, it is said, to its own surprise, has passed through a provincial revolution which left Mr. Greenway and his Ministers—the latter including some of the brightest and most popular men in Canada—in a grave of unspeakable depth. Premier Hugh John Macdonald has taken hold of the management of affairs in that quiet and captivating manner of his, which leaves it impossible for anyone who is not seeking for opportunities of criticism to say anything which has not for its basis the assumption that the world and the fulness thereof were made for the same Hugh John Macdonald. For him, even more than for his illustrious father, it has always gone without saying that the best should be "his'n," and nothing has surprised people more than his reluctance to take the political good things which everyone seems so anxious to give him. The Premier of Manitoba is not a self-seeker or a grabber for office. He is absolutely natural; everywhere he is admitted to be a good fellow, who wishes nothing but a quiet life and a chance to do favors to his friends. Two men could not be more unlike than he and "Joe" Martin, the one universally popular, the other almost universally unpopular, and yet both possessing in their positive and negative attributes a tendency to occupy large places in the public imagination. Hugh John Macdonald can do a great deal for Manitoba, and it must not be forgotten that he has succeeded a Government which, despite its faults, did much for the Prairie Province. The new Premier is so destitute of the impulse of self-aggrandizement that he may permit other men to push themselves, and to do things which, if known to him, would meet with his disapproval, but personally he is an honest man, with a capacity for overlooking public and private business, and as he possesses the unmeasurable force of being served by everybody because they love him, and are proud to be his friends and to have him for a friend, he may avoid many of the traps and pitfalls which are prepared for the feet of ordinary men who think they can take care of themselves, no matter whether they are liked or disliked. Perhaps because Hon. Hugh John Macdonald possesses that which so many of us lack, I am one of his admirers who would rather be Hugh John Macdonald as a lamp-post in Winnipeg than "Joe" Martin as the Parliament Buildings in Victoria.

I HAVE a very vigorous letter from a local physician apropos of my mild criticism of the strong position taken by the Grand Jury with regard to the giving of tea to the boys of the Reformatory School. The physician is well known, and his views with regard to tea and coffee drinking are also well understood. This paper absolutely refuses to publish advertisements which have to do with the sexual system and degeneracy, and for that very reason I feel inclined to state, with an openness which otherwise might have no excuse, the views of my medical correspondent. If anything of a delicate nature is to be said in a newspaper or conveyed to the eye of the youthful reader, it should be in the editorial, not in the advertising columns. The doctor tells me that for nearly forty years he has had to do with tea and coffee drinkers, and if the "action" of these beverages were better known they would be discarded from the dietary altogether. That it leads many children to practice self-abuse I am quite certain, and I never undertake the treatment of any case connected with the urinary or sexual organs unless its use is given up entirely. If it were not connected with these organs, I would write an article upon it, but as it is you know how touchy people are. Rev.



THE TWO MOST POPULAR PEOPLE IN THE BRITISH ISLES
THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The remarkable demonstrations of affection for the Sovereign and her Heir, throughout Great Britain this year, have never been equalled during the reign, and now Her Majesty's well-timed visit to Ireland bids fair to make the Royal Family as popular in the Green Isle as it is across the Irish Sea.

palate to-day, while its contradiction will probably still further tickle the palate to-morrow.

WHILE newspapers and large publication houses are apparently going to the wall because they refuse to engage in the general making of sensational broth, there are, no doubt, many publications which are falling down because they are dull, or never had any reason for existence. Tens of thousands of young men are trying to equip themselves for newspaper and magazine work. I know of nobody who is taking an interest in the subject and who is taking a college course, a post-graduate education, and making a careful and analytical study of the whole business so as to be able to offer himself to the newspaper which needs the most modern and best equipped man obtainable. Men who come into the newspaper business seem to fall down through the skylight, under the impression that they have come from heaven. The fix that old publishing houses are finding themselves in should indicate that young men might profitably adopt as a profession the study of this whole subject with an idea of promptly taking possession of any opportunity which may arise of distinguishing themselves.

Talk about the world being crowded! I am convinced that the crowd consists of people who lean up against somebody. Nobody ever is accused of being in the way who is willing to be leaned on. Men who are making their way in the world in every line of business are those who are helpful, original, able to take hold of a task and make it easy for those who are proprietors of a business, and those who are employed in it. Men are not educating themselves so as to be leaned against. In childhood, as schoolboys, as students, as employees, they are always leaning against somebody and making them tired. Parents are teaching their children to lean, and many a mother is leaned against until she falls into the grave; many a father is leaned against till he falls into bankruptcy or into the hole that the sexton digs for the Tired. The great army of tramps, who will accept no responsibility, and who are willing to lean up against a

seem to be turning handsprings, which leave us all in a dizzy doubt where they will be or what they will be advocating when polling time comes. In matters of importance in our domestic arrangements the Opposition seem to have been doing very little opposing, when their vigor in resisting the growing evils of corporations controlling our affairs should be shown, but they seem to be out hot-foot in the denunciation of the pro-British tariff. The Opposition which opposes simply because the Government supports is a poorly-planned institution, and I am confident that this phase of its inability to know anything except how to kick will not win it support in the Dominion. The automobile as a horseless-horse excites no enthusiasm; the pump and a barrel of chalk as the cowless-cow are of use to nobody; so the Opposition which has no other meaning than being something opposed to everything, will cut very little figure.

The general demand is for a display of governmental ability, and this demand extends to every Opposition—Federal and Provincial. If no such ability is displayed the people generally will show their dislike of disturbance by voting for the retention of those men and institutions which have given reasonable satisfaction. I hear in private and public circles no general or effective criticism, except by those who have lost, or hope to obtain political offices, nor any clamor against the Dominion Government. The crusade against Hon. Mr. Tarte has in many instances made him suspected of being the wicked partner, but this is counterbalanced by the belief that he must be a man of extraordinary energy and cleverness, or he would not have been pursued by the political dynamite conspiracies and concerted attacks of the Opposition. It may be possible that the Opposition has in reserve many batteries which before election day may be opened upon the Laurier Government, but in politics this is not a rugged or mountainous district, and but few ambushes can be prepared or mines successfully sprung. The winning or losing of the country will be in a big and fairly open fight, and as there is no popular disaffection, and the poorest kind of generalship has been shown by the Opposition, it seems to me that the Government, if

John Wesley was bitterly opposed to its use, and termed it a dangerous and pernicious beverage."

No doubt there are tea-drunkards as well as those who abuse stronger stimulants, and the use of tea, as I stated last week, I believe to be absolutely deleterious to children, but I have tried, as I get older, to denounce as few things as possible, and to simply suggest the wisdom of avoiding things which are of no absolute good, and which may be evil in their results. My moderation in expressing myself has led to this vigorous letter, of which I give but a small quotation. The doctor may be wrong; I may be wrong; tea-drinkers and those who give tea to children may be right; I am quite sure that those who withhold tea from growing and sensitive youngsters, whose nerves are not able to stand tannic stimulants, can do no harm. This being the case, I have no apology to offer for talking about something which is a little bit out of school.

IN Chicago 50,000 workmen connected with the building trade have been on strike, and during the protracted dispute between the men and the capitalists, or those who are alleged to be capitalists, who employ them, the suffering in 50,000 families has been great. In the end Labor won the day, but at what cost! Yet because so many people had to bear the burden and so many necks had to be left raw with the collar-gall of the oppressive yoke, are we to say that strikes should not take place? Presumably it is the only way to bring employers to a knowledge that the workman has some say as to the price which is to be charged to those who have work done, and that which must be paid to the laborer. The machinery is crude, the results uncertain, the suffering to the workingman great, the disaster to the employer, limited—for a strike sometimes will clear up the air and put contracts on a better basis. The employer is able to live during a strike without starving his family; the employee is frequently reduced to dire extremities. The employees are able to maintain their organizations without any great drain upon themselves; the employees not only have to eat while they do not toil, but they have to take themselves to keep up the expenses of the machinery which makes the continuance of the strike possible and labor unions a permanent institution. All this takes a great notch out of the workingman's life and puts a great blur over many weeks of the happiness of a laboring man's family, which can hardly be compensated for. Surely while great guns are being invented for the slaughter of mankind, and machinery is being adapted to the wants of both rich and poor, we ought to discover something better adapted to the wants of the laboring classes than strikes. If I were to give my opinion, I would say that the suspicion felt by those who toil regarding those who would make suggestions if they dared, is one of the chief impediments to some sort of an academic solution, features of which at least might work out. Workingmen look to workingmen solely for a solution of the general problem. The solutions have been very unsatisfactory, but the suspicion against outsiders is still maintained, and the fact remains that in the great strike in Chicago the suffering endured by those who went through it is more than equivalent to the gains of those who have been successful; and nothing has really been settled except for the moment.

TORONTO people have often wondered how it was that the rich men of Montreal, both while they are alive and as bequests when they die, frequently leave gifts of money to educational institutions, while in this city no such impulse seems to have found any considerable vent. The recent gift of Mr. J. W. Flavell of a travelling fellowship of \$750 per annum to Toronto University, is, therefore, a particularly welcome contribution to our favorite seat of learning, and may induce other successful business men to make similar donations. Not being a university man, I am not equipped, even if I were anxious, to criticize the terms of Mr. Flavell's gift. In brief, the fellowship must go to a first-class honor man in Classics or English and History, the latter course not being devoid of a certain amount of classical lore. The winner of the fellowship must put in a couple of years at Oxford, where he is to devote himself to the study of modern history. The course is not a difficult one, though some who favor the German universities would perhaps have chosen to divide the term so as to give the student a chance at Heidelberg, or permit him to spend the whole amount and all the time of his post-graduate course in Continental travel. We can tap the learning of Oxford more readily than we can endow our students with a knowledge of European methods, but perhaps this may be acquired in the vacation season, and thus we may get the benefit of both, for the student, it is hoped, will come back to Canada and enter public life.

Mr. David Smith Ross, who died early last month, has in a generous way left \$4,000 for the establishment of a scholarship in Knox College, though this is to go to third or last year theologians. Mr. Ross' donation may not appear to the lay mind as equally useful to that of Mr. Flavell, but certainly we can look forward with pleasure and hope of profit to a larger variety of theologians than have been developing heretofore.

The growing tendency of men of means to give of their plenty to Toronto educational institutions, however, is the most pleasing feature. There are many men in Toronto who can afford to give of their wealth to education. And education, we should all remember, beyond the primary schooling which is the right of every youthful citizen, should be a matter of favor or individual effort. When scholarships are given, the favor dies out of the matter beyond the fact that it is made possible for individual effort to win the fellowship which may bring to ripeness fairly matured ability. Believing, as many of us do, that all education beyond the common school curriculum should be paid for by those who obtain it, except when prizes are given, as has been noted, it is particularly gratifying to all those who entertain this view to see the prizes forthcoming. Our universities and high-grade institutions would have their usefulness much increased if the higher class of education were made as inexpensive as possible, and if the cleverest young men who take advantage of that education found some means of pursuing post-graduate studies.

ENGLISH Radicals object to the announcement made by the Times' correspondent at Jamaica, that the Colonial Office has concluded an arrangement for the establishment of a direct line of steamers between Jamaica and England for the purpose of carrying West India fruit produce to the home market. It is said that Elder, Dempster & Co. are to receive £40,000 per annum for ten years, one-half of it to be paid by the colony and the other half out of the Imperial Treasury. No fault is found with the company which has been subsidized, but it is alleged that the contract is for too long a period, and that Mr. Chamberlain has mortgaged to an unusual extent a future in which he may not

hold office. Of course the British taxpayer is asked "how he will like to pay £200,000 as a bounty on bananas?" Canada has been paying for many years an annual subsidy of \$78,000 to Pickford & Black for a direct steamship service from Halifax to the West Indies and Demerara, and neither Canadian Radicals nor Tories have complained of either the Conservative or Liberal Government endeavoring to create a reciprocal business in this way. The British Radicals must abandon their narrow notions and cease telling the West India Islands to look to the United States as their natural market. The relations between Canada and the Old Country were never so frost-bitten as when we used to hear this sort of talk from so-called British statesmen; who, when we came to examine their arguments, showed themselves to be lacking in both facts and sentiment. The West India Islands cannot find a market for "all or more fruit than they can produce in the United States." A great deal of the tropical fruit used in the United States comes from Central America by way of New Orleans, while the West India product lies rotting on the ground. There is a splendid market in Great Britain for the bananas which the Radicals affect to so greatly despise, and the ships will not come from Jamaica to England without returning with a cargo of British exports. Indeed, England is very much better situated for a direct trade with the West Indies in green fruits than Canada is, New York being so much nearer than Halifax to the great body of Canadian consumers. Fruit is very dear in Great Britain, it is very cheap in Canada, and I will be very much surprised if bananas as an article of food and cheap luxury will not prove very popular all over the British Islands.

Canadian Trade With The United States.

THE Boston Herald's view of the situation might lead Canada to hope for more equitable trade relations with the United States, if more of the large centers of population in the Republic were situated as Boston is. A more general feeling of anxiety to obtain our trade would prevail in the United States if it were not for the density of popular ignorance with regard to the immense amount of goods we purchase. Canada's trade is worth more to the United States, as proven by statistics, than the whole trade of Latin America, the West India Islands and the Philippines thrown in. Yet Uncle Sam has spent millions of dollars in acquiring possession of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines—for the latter adding twenty millions of dollars as a cash payment to Spain. Canadians who understand the situation naturally marvel that all the millions of money and these thousands of lives should be spent for the capture of business which is but a small fraction of Canada's trade with the United States. While fighting with the bitterness of hereditary enemies its next neighbor, which is such a good customer and is willing to deal with the United States on any sort of an equitable basis, to keep us from selling them our goods, even while buying so much from them, yet it fought Spain to get business—it is idle to put the late war on a merely humanitarian basis. Moreover, the United States has more Consuls and Vice-Consuls and agents in Canada to facilitate trade than it has in all Latin America and the newly-acquired islands combined. If somebody could only take a sledge-hammer and pound these facts into the heads of our neighbors, who are not as well posted as the Boston Herald, we might hope some day to see a different policy pursued at Washington. However, as the Boston Herald admits, Canada has found great markets elsewhere, and we are not in the slightest degree dependent upon those who, with a few exceptions, are continually belittling this country and showing more spite towards us than they do to rotten little South American republics that give them less than a million dollars a year, while we give them ninety millions. It is a pleasant thing, however, to notice that a few such widely-circulated and influential papers as the Boston Herald are beginning to point out that Canada does not, and need not care a cent whether Uncle Sam comes to his commercial senses or not.

Social and Personal.

ON Monday evening, Her Majesty the Queen-Empress started from Windsor Castle on her visit to Dublin by train, and leisurely made the six hours' trip to Holyhead in nearly twice that time. When she arrived she took breakfast on the Victoria and Albert, which awaited her at the quay, and at high noon that lordly yacht started for Kingston with its precious passenger. Her Majesty will be attended during her visit to Ireland by Lady Antrim, Lord Denbigh, Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, Sir Fleetwood Edwards, Sir Arthur Bigge, Colonel Carington, Captain Ponsonby, Captain Drummond of Megginch, Colonel Browne, Sir James Reid, and five Maids of Honor. Lord Denbigh's attendance has been specially commanded, and he will take the duty for Lord Lawrence and Lord Kintore, who ought properly to be in waiting on the Queen between Tuesday last and April 24. Arrived at Kingston, the Victoria and Albert was the abiding place of Her Gracious Majesty until about noon on Wednesday, when the landau in waiting received her, and the drive from Kingston to Dublin was proceeded with. The Queen's occupancy of the Vice-Regal Lodge, in Phoenix Park, for the second time in her life, gives that unpretentious looking domicile an importance quite unusual. The park itself, with its seven or eight miles' circumference, which some of us have measured on our cycles, often enough, as an evening's ride, is a quiet and healthy environment for England's Queen. That her visit may do untold good to herself and thousands of her loyal Irish subjects, is the earnest prayer that is uppermost in many a Canadian heart to-day. One can easily imagine the fun Princess Beatrice and others will have shopping for the Queen—who always buys liberally that country's products in which she spends a holiday, and distributes such purchases as gifts of compensation to her household who were left behind during her absence. The poplins of good Mr. Atkinson, lustrous, exquisite things; the bog-oak of each and every jeweller who can make an attractive display; the linen of satin finish; the Carrick-macross-lace, the this and that of Forrest's big shop in Grafton street, and the tidy shillelaghs with their black thorn knobs and their tiny scrap of green ribbon. The good old stout from Guinness that will make Her Gracious Majesty feel a girl again, and, by the way, she has sent over her own "donkey-shay" and donkey, and I hear only the Battenberg lady and the lesser lights are to patronize the jaunting cars. The Duke of Connaught, the pet son of Her Majesty, and the only member of her august circle with whom I have a speaking acquaintance, and his bright, busy Duchess, with Lord Lieutenant Cadogan, et al., et ux., have done every-

thing to ensure the Queen a comfortable time. All the necessary pots, saucepans, and pipkins of copper from the Royal Kitchen have been imported and are now in full service at the Vice-Regal Lodge, where the Queen has long ago placed on record she was "most comfortable." Belfast is shouting for a visit, and sweet Killarney appeals also for a look from the wonderful little old lady of nearly four score and two years.

One curious instance of the influence which the war has upon everything, even dress, will be found in the fact that the ixia, which grows wild in great quantities in South Africa, will appear on at least one train. It is a tall, tapering bloom, and the colors are exquisite, embracing almost every shade in the scales of pink and purple. It is likely to be the fashionable flower of the season.

Another Order of Knighthood is likely to be established, to be called the "Illustrious Order of the Star of South Africa." The star of the new Order will probably be five-pointed—to denote the five points of fellowship so highly thought of by all good Freemasons. The Prince of Wales will, of course, be the first Grand Master of the new Order.

The Maids of Honor who will be in attendance upon the Queen during Her Majesty's visit to Dublin have pretty Irish costumes made for day wear. The bodice is arranged over a fitted lining, with a seamless back of the material, plain across the shoulders under a square collar, and slightly full at the waist, the fronts being similar, and the right front being trimmed with a cross-way band of dark green Irish satin. The sleeves are gathered in at the shoulders very slightly, and secured into the arm-hole, and the wrists are finished by a dark green satin band. The waist is set into a band covered with satin. The outer edge is trimmed with a cross-way satin band, and the inner one is turned under, while that of the bodice is neatened with ribbon. A pretty square collar cut all in one, with pointed revers, is stiffened and lined with the material. The waist is beautified with Irish binding; the handsome collar hooks at the back; it is of double velvet. The pretty bodice and velvet vest front are separate, to permit of other fronts being worn in change.

The Knights of Momus had a very original part of the Mardi-Gras celebration at New Orleans on Shrove Tuesday. The Legend of King Arthur, as told by Tennyson, formed the motif of the street procession, and the ball which followed. All this will interest Torontonians from the fact that King Arthur chose from among the beauties at the dance a queen, and his choice fell upon Miss May Waters, daughter of Rev. Henry Harcourt Waters, D.D., that former north country clergyman so well known hereabouts, and whose heroic devotion to his Southern charge during the yellow fever is so well remembered. The New Orleans "Picayune" thus describes the occurrence:

"After gladdening the hearts of the public by appearing upon the streets in a most gorgeous pageant, Momus entertained his favored friends in the French Opera House. Long before the hour for the curtain to rise, the vast auditorium of the French Opera House was filled with the friends of the organization, all eager to know who would be the favored queen to reign for the evening, for Momus does not allow his secrets to escape, and no one could tell upon whom the fortune would fall. The curtain rose for the first tableau, showing King Arthur and his twenty-four Knights gathered round the famous Round Table, just after Sir Galahad had joined them and taken his place in the Siege Perilous, thus filling all the places, and the Holy Grail became visible to them all. This appeared as a cup floating through the air, shedding its red effulgence throughout the banquet hall. Suddenly Momus, accompanied by four attendants, appeared in an illuminated vista to survey the entire scene. The curtain descended upon this beautiful scene to rise again a few moments later, showing the center of the stage near, with Momus seated upon his throne and his attendants arranged upon either side. Momus, with stately tread, came down to the center of the stage and waited while his Lord High Chamberlain proceeded to select his queen from amongst the hundreds of queenly subjects gathered there, and great was the enthusiasm when Miss May Waters stepped forward in answer to the courtier's request, and who up to that moment had been kept in ignorance, of the honor in store for her. She was then led up to Momus, who placed upon her brow the royal coronet, and the court train was placed upon her shoulders, whereupon the royal pair proceeded to the throne. Now, Momus taking his fair queen by the hand and followed by the court of last year and this, led her about the stage, and a more regal or gracious pair were never seen before, nor a lovelier picture presented. Returning to the throne, the royal party ranged themselves as before, the captain's signal brought the maskers gaily down and around the stage, when the ball began."

A home of the fine arts in Toronto has for a long time been felt to be a growing necessity. For the purpose of making a combined effort by those who have felt that need, the Ontario Society of Artists initiated a movement a short time since by publishing a pamphlet setting forth this need, and calling a meeting of citizens interested, to take the matter into consideration. This meeting was held recently at the Society's Art Gallery, and was largely attended. Mr. B. E. Walker occupied the chair, and made an address reviewing the art movement in various parts of the world, and putting forth the idea that the time had arrived for Toronto to make a supreme effort to secure the foundation of an Art Museum, which would grow in a regular and orderly way from a modest beginning, such as it would seem possible for the citizens to undertake by associating themselves for the purpose. A resolution was adopted thanking the Ontario Society of Artists for their initiative work, the continuation of which was entrusted to all citizens interested, and a committee was appointed to consider the possibilities of the matter, and report their action at a subsequent meeting. A meeting of the committee was held in the University building, Room 2, on Saturday afternoon, March 31, at 4 o'clock. Mr. Geo. A. Reid was the convener.

The Yacht Club dinner, which was postponed owing to sad news from South Africa, will take place on Easter Tuesday, and I hear His Excellency Lord Minto is to be invited, and it is hoped will accept. At time of writing, the committee were considering the most desirable place to hold their feast.

Mr. George Bruenech has proved a pleasant exception to the rule set forth in the saying that a prophet has no honor in his own country. Though Mr. Bruenech was born in St. Malo, Brittany, his artistic taste has always found its best expression in his paintings of Norwegian and Swedish scenery—so much so that many believe him a native of one of these countries. Sweden and Norway have left him no cause to complain of their lack of appreciation and support. On St. Patrick's day Mr. Bruenech closed an extraordinarily successful exhibition in Christiania, at which 1,785 visitors viewed the pictures. On March 14th King Oscar of Sweden and Norway was a visitor and also a purchaser, selecting a Spitzbergen view, which the artist painted last summer. Mr. Bruenech is happy in mind and rich in pocket, and is now on a tour to Denmark, Germany, France and England.

On the Road All Right.

General Buller finds time between meals to stop correspondents from wiring news to the anxious public here, but the other day an unexpected telegram came to him. He wired to the base "Is my dinner on the road?" The chef with an escort was just then coming with the dishes when a shell burst and smashed them, the gravies and sauces being absorbed by the sand. A resentful correspondent with great presence of mind wired to Buller: "Yes, your dinner is on the road, and the road is now very sloppy."

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Paris, London and New York Pattern Hats and Bonnets

We are showing our first importation of High-class

DRESS FABRIC—Consisting in part of Crepe Laine, Crepe de Chine, Crepe Ondule, Nuns' Veilings, Satin Striped Crepes and Popinettes, Embroidered Voile, Mistral Etairie.

CLOTH DEPT.—Broadcloths, Venetians and Satin Cloths in the most desirable Street and Pastel Shades.

Scotch and English Homespun and Cheviots for Tailor-made Gowns and Sporting Costumes.

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New lines still arriving, including large footed jardinières and assorted trays.

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WITH astonishing rapidity the hardwood floor idea is taking hold in Canada. It has so many advantages in cleanliness, economy and beauty of appearance, and withal the cost is no more than for carpets. Write to the manufacturers for direct prices and designs.

The Elliott & Son Co.

LIMITED

79 King Street West

Toronto

The "Portia" Notepaper

Is Twice Blest;

It blest him that sells and he that buys;
'Tis mightiest with the mighty: it becomes
The stylish desk of stylish women;
'Tis an attribute to fashion herself
For 'tis enthroned on the desk of Fashion's queen.

Ask your Stationer to show you our very latest manufacture, "PORTIA," a beautiful and aristocratic production in a smooth, unglazed surface, white, white, table note, with envelopes to match.

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TORONTO, Ont.

Flowers for Easter Gifts

Should be ordered now to ensure reasonable attention. We have all reasonable varieties at...

Dunlop's
Roses
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Lily-of-the-Valley
and many other varieties.
Price list on application

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KNIVES AND FORKS

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LIMITED

TORONTO



Price List on application.

WILL have their large Conservatory attached to store filled with beautiful Azaleas, Hydrangers, Rose Bushes, Spired and Easter Lillies all in full bloom. There will also be a fine collection of Palms and Ferns. We are making preparations for a large Easter Trade, and will be able to handle all orders, large or small, with promptness.

Plants and flowers may be safely sent to any part of the Dominion.

NATIONAL BICYCLES

LOCALLY GUARANTEED

E. & D. Quality Satisfies.

E. & D. Columbia

The E. & D. wheel is the only Canadian bicycle that has built up United States business. It is the only bicycle with Four-Point Bearings.

In Four-Point Bearings the load is transmitted in a direct line and there is no jamming of balls in the races. In ordinary bearings the load is transmitted at an angle which greatly increases the pressure on the parts of the bearing. In the E. & D. Four-Point Bearing the bearing never sustains greater pressure than the actual load on the bicycle. In ordinary bearings the pressure is often three times the actual load.

E. & D. locally guaranteed National bicycles have four-point bearings in the crank-hanger, the hubs and the head. The bearings are guaranteed for three years.

E. & D. Road Models, Men's.....\$90
E. & D. Road Models, Ladies'.....\$90
E. & D. Special Models with gear case.....\$70
E. & D. Racing Models.....\$70

Liberal options are given in saddles, gears, tires.

The E. & D. being a National wheel is locally guaranteed.

Catalogue on application.

3 Queen St. E., 34 King W.

"Standard of the World."

Columbia

Columbia bicycles are now National bicycles. Everybody knows their excellence. We make all models of both Columbia and Hartford bicycles.

The Columbia Chainless is fitted with evenly-shrunk and tempered gears, which are all adjustable in position.

By simply moving the shaft pinions lengthways (in a minute), the shaft gears will mesh perfectly, by moving the large gear disk sideways it will mesh exactly. You can always make the Columbia Chainless run easily.

Columbia Chainless, Coaster Brake.....\$95
Columbia Chainless, brakeless.....\$85
Columbia Chain Models.....\$90
Hartford Chain Models.....\$45

The Hartford is the next best wheel to the Columbia, many parts in Columbia and Hartford are the same.

All you need to do is to take your Columbia or Hartford to the nearest local National repair shop in case any guarantee repairs are needed.

Catalogue on application.

191 Yonge Street

"Blue Streak Flyers."

Tribune

C. M. Murphy did a mile in less than a minute on one of our Blue Streak Tribunes.

The bearings are two-point. That means the smallest possible working contacts in the bearings. Only two points being in the bearing, one on cup and one on cone, there can be no frictional resistance to speak of. There would be a rubbing motion constantly keeping down the speed were the balls in contact with the cup at two distinct spots. But in the Tribune the balls just roll.

We have these models:
Models 50, 51, Road.....\$80
Models 52, 53, Blue Streak Light Roadsters.....\$60
Model 54, 30 in., Road.....\$65
Model 550, Track Racer.....\$70
Models 56, 57, Chainless.....\$85

The Tribune Chainless uses bevel-gearing, which is properly hardened and in which allowance is made for shrinkage.

All the models are well-built throughout. The utmost care is taken to make Tribunes "stand the racket." We believe there will be very, very few repairs necessary.

In case of repairs a local guarantee is given which enables the rider to have repairs made under the guarantee at the nearest local National repair shop anywhere in Canada.

Ask for a catalogue.

37 King St. West

"Ride a Monarch and Keep in Front."

Monarch

The Canadian Monarch Catalogue shows six locally-guaranteed Monarchs.

Over sixty thousand Monarch bicycles were sold last year and the 1900 Monarch has been so improved that we are putting in the \$40 Monarch the crank-hanger used in the highest grade Monarch of 1889.

The Monarch bicycles include these lines:
Models 84, 85, Road.....\$40
Models 86, 87, Light Road.....\$50
Models 74, 75, Chainless.....\$40

The chainless Monarch is fitted with adjustable pinions, which have the advantage that it is unnecessary to "dig into" the machine to reach the adjustment. By making use of the spanner furnished with the tool kit the adjustment may be perfected from the outside of the gear casing almost instantly.

All lines of the Monarch are perfect. Everything is flush and there are no places where dust can gather. The handlebars are all adjustable and liberal options are given in everything essential.

Ask for catalogue.

34 King St. West

"Ride a Stearns and Be Content."

Stearns

The Stearns is of thoroughly light, strong original construction.

We carry nine models, locally guaranteed, and offer the novelty of a Cushion Frame line of Stearns.

The Cushion Frame Models have an unobtrusive cartridge section let into the upper rear stays, which contains both a steel spring and air at natural pressure. Upon riding rough roads the vibration of the rear wheel is completely taken up and the rider has all the comfort of riding in a carriage.

Stearns A, Men's Road.....\$50
Stearns C, Ladies' Road.....\$50
Stearns Men's Special.....\$60
Stearns Ladies' Special.....\$60
Stearns K, Cushion Frame.....\$70
Stearns L, Cushion Frame.....\$70
Stearns G, Sager Chainless.....\$80
Stearns H, Sager Chainless.....\$80
Stearns Racer.....\$70

The Stearns Sager Chainless gear is so made that there is only a rolling contact possible between the gear and pinion, and friction is almost banished. There is no necessity of the rather delicate adjustments common to bevel-gear chainless wheels. The Sager gear renders accuracy unnecessary as in all relations the rolling contact is maintained.

Get the catalogue.

191 Yonge Street

20th Century

The Twentieth Century line of National bicycles includes everything necessary to the average rider.

The cost of \$45.00 means that the very best class of workmanship and material can go into it, and that the wheel will be perfect in all respects and easy-running.

Electric welding is resorted to in the more important parts of the wheel for the purpose of giving a stronger weld. All joints are internally reinforced with fish-mouth stamped steel reinforcements.

The two Twentieth Century models are:

Twentieth Century, Men's.....\$45
Twentieth Century, Women's.....\$45

and liberal options are given.

If you want a wheel that will carry with it all over Canada the local guarantee of the National Cycle and Automobile Co., and yet cost a very reasonable price you need a Twentieth Century.

We will gladly give you a catalogue if you send your name.

34 King St. West

The National Cycle and Automobile Company 34 King Street West, Toronto
Limited.

Can We Depend on Uncle Sam?

SIGNS are not wanting that a more determined effort than ever will be made by the numerous sympathizers of the Boers and enemies of Great Britain in the United States to "make it hot" for the McKinley Administration on account of its neutrality, or at least to still further weaken the American people from the idea of an entente cordiale with Britain, so popular after the Yanko-Spanko war. Mr. Webster Davis, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, has resigned in order that he may take a decided attitude on the Anglo-Boer question. He intends to lecture and write on the wrongs endured by the South African Republics, and to arraign in scathing language the greed and perfidy of Great Britain. The Yanko-Spanko war, says Davis, was a certain class will doubtless run red with Mr. Davis' name. That gentleman may, probably, enjoy as much notoriety as General Lee, late Consul-General at Havana, and, perchance, like him, will be canvassed as a future Presidential possibility, or at least will be in the running for a Senatorship or Governorship. All this will be very pleasant and profitable for Mr. Davis, who either had the wool pulled over his eyes by President Kruger while he was at Pretoria the other week, or else is deliberately going into this game as a political speculation. Mr. Davis has never done anything to show himself more than a mediocrity, and no one will be surprised if he should emerge from his venture without having added materially to his reputation. But at all events it is to be hoped that he will be able to make out a better case than the man Macrum, who essayed a similar task.

A friend in New York sends Saturday Night a pamphlet entitled "The Alleged European Coalition Against the United States During the Spanish-American War," and written by one T. St. John Gaffney. This brochure is a fair sample of much anti-British literature published in the United States since the war began. It is of a most insidious character, being apparently as candid as a Globe editorial and as solidly based on evidence as a charge to a jury. It seeks to show that there never was the least danger of European interference in the Spanish-American squabble, that consequently Great Britain could not have performed any service at that time to the United States, and therefore that the republic owes the Empire no debt of gratitude which should call for friendly services with respect to South Africa. Here are the opening paragraphs of the pamphlet:

"During the late war and since its close despatches regarding England's attitude toward the United States have been constantly appearing in a large number of British and American newspapers. These despatches were sent

out with the view of creating the impression that France, Germany and Russia were ready to intervene in the interest of Spain and were held in check only by the knowledge that England would array herself on our side in the event of such a contingency.

"Acting on the theory that a lie, if told often enough, will in the end do duty for the truth, a small but noisy group of Americans are constantly referring to these statements in support of their contention that out of pure gratitude we should support England's position in South Africa, become her ally and relieve the tension of her present isolated situation in Europe.

"A great deal of maudlin sentimentality has been uttered since the beginning of this pro-British campaign in the United States, which has been anything but flattering to our national pride.

"What has been the object, I ask, of this subservience to a European power which has been always our consistent and untiring enemy? Why should American citizens be so anxious to credit England with a part in our victories during the late war, and attribute to her moral support the achievements of our army and navy? How insufferably truckling in spirit appear citizens who make use of a statement branded time and again by the highest authorities as a falsehood, which has the effect of exhibiting their country before the world as a protected weakling."

"The remarkable charge is made that upon the outbreak of the late war with Spain England set to work the springs of her journalistic machinery in the European capitals to prejudice continental opinion against the United States and, at the same time, in order to fan the flame of whatever disaffection existed toward that country, insidiously spread rumors of an understanding between Washington and London.

Such an absurd claim as this would hardly be worthy of notice did it not show that there is in the States a certain class—it is to be feared a large one—who cannot be appeased by anything Great Britain may do. There is, unquestionably, a less general hatred of the Mother Country on the part of the Yankees than there was at many times in the past. Many intelligent citizens of the republic would be glad to see the most cordial relations firmly established between Washington and London. But the attitude of the great unread is disappointing to those who had hoped that an era of better things was about to dawn. In England there seems to be much serious misapprehension of the feelings and intentions of the Statesmen as a nation. It is time for the British people to ask themselves seriously whether they are not deluding themselves in counting on the friendliness of the republic. Are any circumstances imaginable in which Yankee public opinion would be so solid behind us that we could safely count on aid and comfort from that

quarter? This is a question for consideration. NED.

As Others See Us.

VERY few men have either the sense of humor or the mental perspective to see themselves as others see them. No mirror in the world can present a man to himself as he appears to his fellows, for no mirror can image his unconscious actions as they occur. Most of us, therefore, entertain some delusion about our physical appearance. How much more must we be astray about our subtler, more elusive selves—represented by our speech, our views and sympathies. A London comic paper recognizes the fact that each individual man presents three well-marked appearances—first, as seen by himself; next, as seen by his friends; and, lastly, as seen by the general public. And the paper referred to has been publishing for some time a series of interesting sketches of prominent people as seen in these three lights.

Appropos of this subject, how the average man would be startled were he to see himself represented by the cinematograph, even in such a simple movement as walking along the street! His surprise would doubtless be as great as that of the man who heard his own voice for the first time in the phonograph. Even a snap-shot photo, taken without one's knowledge, so that there is not the least self-consciousness in the subject's manner and attitude, invariably sends a shock of surprise through the individual whom it represents, when he or she first sees it. In this connection there is a very good story going the rounds of the American press. A politician who was very near to Senator John Sherman in the campaign of 1892 says he will never forget the effect that the first kodak picture of himself had upon the senator. Mr. Sherman had been speaking the day before in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, and the newspaper artists had taken some lifelike snap-shots of him in many attitudes. To the politician the Senator said, upon looking over the newspapers the next day: "Well, well, our time for criticizing the newspaper men is over. They have us to rights now. Here I am just as I am, and I'm a caricature of what I have always thought I was."

Things Americans Need to Know About China.

From the New York Journal, March 28.
Wu Ting Fang, the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States from China, declares that the Chinese question has not been studied thoroughly by the American people. He says: "A great deal of misapprehension exists in regard to the Chinese, and the subject is not looked at broadly and impartially. The Chi-

nese who come here, whatever class they may belong to, do not come to steal American money; they come to work for it. They give an equivalent and do it honestly. They are excluded, not because they are bad, but because they are too good. The chief reason, I suppose, for the agitation against the Chinese coming to the United States was because our workmen came here and competed with the white laborers and worked cheaper. Is that a good reason for excluding them, and are Americans who come here any better than Chinese laborers, and it is hard to see why they should be admitted and the Chinese excluded.

"The avowed object of the Exclusion Bill was simply to exclude Chinese laborers, but the restriction has now been extended to other classes. There was some reason, perhaps—I do not say just reason—for excluding Chinese laborers, based on the treaty negotiated in 1880 for the purpose of limiting the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States. It is expressly stated in that treaty that this restriction was to apply only to Chinese laborers. No other classes were aimed at. It is in black and white in the treaty, and the meaning of the words is as clear as daylight. But because in that treaty it says 'officials, merchants, teachers, students and travelers' shall not be excluded; because these five classes are mentioned, new interpreters of the law say that only these five classes are exempt, and all other classes are excluded. For fifteen years American officials held that, according to law, only Chinese laborers were to be excluded and that all other classes might come here. This was the practice up to September, 1898, when a new interpretation was substituted, and it is now said that no Chinese have a right to come here except those especially exempted from exclusion. I think that it is the last straw on the camel's back. What is the consequence? The Chinese banker, the Chinese doctor, the Chinese missionary, the Chinese lawyer, or private gentleman, are not admitted because they do not come within the five classes mentioned in the treaty.

Americans want to develop their trade with China, want to be good friends with China. That is very natural, we are glad to hear it; but is the present state of things satisfactory? How can you expect Chinese merchants to give you much business in the face of these facts? The proposition to have a commission go to China to gather information

would be a good thing to carry out. There are a great many things that Americans need to know. I ventured also in my address in Philadelphia the other day to suggest with regard to the government of the Philippine Islands that it might be a good plan to send some gentlemen to the neighboring colonies, especially those of the English and French, to study their history and methods. They have had experience in governing Asiatic people. They have paid for it dearly. Americans can profit by that experience. Theory is not always safe; experience is a very good thing."

Mrs. Palmer Causes a Panic.

SINCE her return from Newport last autumn Mrs. Potter Palmer has been in active control of her husband's vast business enterprises and his millions of real estate investments, says the Chicago Dispatch. Potter Palmer is now past 70 years of age, and is not the active business man he was. Mrs. Palmer's time not taken up in social affairs is given up entirely to her husband's interests.

On Friday she caused a suit for \$50,000, in her own and her husband's name, to be instituted against the Union Loop for damages to the Wabash avenue frontage of the Palmer House. She caused a small panic in the hotel last Saturday by sending for the bills of fare in the three restaurants and dining-room and, after close inspection, marked up the prices from 25 to 100 per cent. She inspected apartments and parlors and marked up the prices of rooms 25 per cent. The wine cards and buffet products did not escape her scheme of elevation.

As the Palmer House takes care of 2,000 persons daily in its restaurant and dining-rooms there are strong and vigorous protests over the "raise." It is admitted that the hotel has been the best money-maker in Chicago for years, due principally to first-class accommodations at popular prices.

This is the second "raise" made by Mrs. Palmer in six months. She has gone personally and inspected the 100 dwelling houses which she and her husband own, and has ordered rents raised 20 per cent. Mrs. Palmer is "clearing the atmosphere" before she goes to Paris. She will sail in two weeks, and has made arrangements to be in close touch with her great estate while abroad.

"My man," urged the Rev. Mr. Goodley, "can I not induce you to come into church?" "Oh! no, boss, I—er—" the poor tramp stammered. "I hope you have no prejudice against the church," the good man continued, eagerly. "No unpleasant recollection of your past suggested—" "Oh! No. I ain't got no grudge ag'in the church. Mine wuz a home weddin'."—Philadelphia Press.

Old Bridal Verses.

Whoever has had cause to examine a file of ancient newspapers—those, say, of a century ago or somewhat less—will pretty surely have encountered the rhymed marriage notices, and verses upon weddings which at that time were so popular a vehicle for the wit and fancy of the friends, and occasionally of the enemies, of bridal couples. Many are merely flowery expressions of good wishes, cast in rhyme and full of roses, bowers, nymphs, doves and loves, and the usual extravagant similes then approved by public taste. But others are less classic and more personal. For example, when Susan Long and John Short are wedded, the local paper comments:

Though Short wed Long, the match is fit—
And that's the Long and Short of it.

A more elaborate pun records the union of Owen Pride and Miss Ray: Now Owen Pride hath took a bride,
The fair Almira Ray.
That bride's expense, both pounds and pence,

'Tis his henceforth to pay.
A saving youth, but yet in truth
He makes a sorry showing;
Forever still, pay as he will,
The fair Almira's Owen!

Less pardonable, but somewhat amusing, is the poetic outburst wrung, one must think, from a discarded admirer on the occasion of the wedding of Polly White. If the young woman had really behaved so ill, perhaps she deserved it; but one has to allow a good deal for the malice of the writer, despite his assurance of forgiveness. The lines read:

Sweet Polly White was our delight,
We youngsters of the town:
She's left the kit and crowd of us
To marry Stephen Brown.

Though she was White, she was not fair—
And so we all agree,
She smiled there, she smiled there,
She jilted two or three.

O Polly, Polly, Polly White,
Although on us you frown,
You we forgive—but as I live
We pity Stephen Brown!

"Modern Society" is authority for the statement that the Duc d'Orleans will incur at least one mark of English censure he will not like. The committee of the Bachelors' Club have requested him to furnish a satisfactory explanation of his notorious letter to Willette or to take his name off the list of members. This excellent example has also been followed by the executives of the St. James' and Marlborough Clubs. So, when the Duke is ill-advised enough to show his face in England, he will find himself clubless and the scorn of honest gentlemen.

Maud—Dear boy, I didn't know you were fond of a note-meal diet.

Social and Personal.

Mr. William Croft, Jr., and his little son Willie are enroute to the Elliott House during Mrs. Croft's visit to Buffalo, New York, and Boston.

Mrs. Edward Blake left Toronto on Monday, on her way to join Mr. Blake in England. Miss Helen Macdonald, of Cona Lodge, is in Atlantic City. Mr. and Mrs. Creelman and their family are to go south for a trip this month; Mrs. Creelman has been quite an invalid since New Year, and it is hoped the southern trip will complete her restoration to health.

I hear the many September weddings will include that of Mr. Alan Sullivan and Miss Bessie Hees, for whom an ideal "log house" (you have seen such delightful by fash-ionables in the States know what that may mean) is to be the wedding gift of a fond parent. That the log house is to be located in Rat Portage instead of some suburb of Toronto is the only objection anyone can find to it.

The various golf clubs having gotten into shape for the coming season, the next consideration in the way of sport will be the tennis clubs. Cycling clubs are not so popular, principally, I fancy, because of the lack of decent roads. Every spring one sighs for the country inn, and the pretty side-paths of the Old Land, and hopes against hope that some one with cash, enterprise, and love of the sport will give us these things.

Without advertisement or open house, a very elegant millinery opening has been achieved by Sitt & Co. this season, and their patrons have had the pleasure of trying on the new hats and bonnets and selecting the style which appeals to them most, without being elbowed by every girl about town who had half an hour to maul about the choice hats and perch them over her nose. A millinery opening grows yearly more imposing, and the daintiest women shrink from the ordeal of the crowd, in which one must often try to decide upon one's season's chapeaux. The smart little showroom at Sitt's has often been crowded, but by customers, not curious chatters, and some exquisite hats have been bought and quietly laid away from earthly ken until they shall burst forth in an Easter-day glory. A number of trousseaux are on hand in the fitting and work-rooms for brides in and out of town, and a tremendous lot of work is laid out for the next six weeks. Next week Sitt is sending a designer to New York for novel ideas for Horse Show week.

The next lecture in French by Monsieur Masson, at Victoria University, will be on Alfred de Musset.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Corby, and the Misses Corby, have been spending a week at the Rossin, and they left yesterday morning (Friday) for California, where Mr. Corby has business interests.

Sir Richard Cartwright was in town this week. On Wednesday evening Captain Cartwright and Mr. Harry Cartwright dined with their father at the Rossin.

Mr. Sage, who has made so many friends in town, was married on Monday night in Montreal to a very pretty lady from the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Sage have been spending the week at the Rossin, the pretty bride taking much interest in the closings of the dancing classes.

Mrs. R. J. Lovell, of St. George street, gave a most pleasant soiree musicale on Tuesday, at which Misses Tessa Flanagan, Hilda Davis, and others contributed. Mrs. Lovell has Mrs. J. D. Storton, of Guelph, on a visit, and will receive this month on Wednesday and Thursday next instead of her usual days.

The Bachelors of the Isle of Champagne have sent out cards for an At Home at McConkey's, on Friday evening, April 20th, at half-past eight. Miss John Boyd, Mrs. E. M. Chadwick, Mrs. A. E. Kemp, Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Mrs. Wm. Logan, Mrs. C. W. Ross, Mrs. W. S. Stout, Mrs. J. S. Willison, and Mrs. J. A. Young are the patronesses of this dance.

Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, who has been quite ill, is now convalescent. Miss Ada Eaton, of 429 Euclid avenue, has gone to Philadelphia for Easter. Mr. Alfred Wright, who has been so ill with pneumonia, is better, and

has decided on a visit to Atlantic City. Miss Lee, of London, and Mrs. Edward Higgins, of Kingston, are in town this week. Mrs. Hamilton, of Winnipeg, is this week the guest of Augusta Hodgins, Bloor street west. Mrs. Wyld and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald have been in Atlantic City for the past week. Miss Muriel Massey is visiting friends in Perth.

Miss Watson, of St. George street, gave a girls' luncheon on Friday. Miss Brouse and her guest, Miss Whitney, Miss McMurrich, Miss Dumb, Miss McArthur, and the Misses Dennistoun were her guests.

The Premier and Mrs. Ross entertained at dinner on Monday evening. Mrs. Stratton received a host of callers at the Queen's on Thursday, March 29th. Mrs. George McMurrich entertained the Euchre Club on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Frank Macdonald of Canaan entertained the Parkdale Euchre Club and a large number of friends last evening in her spacious parlors, most delightfully.

Miss Dupont and Miss Amy Dupont are going to spend the summer in Hot Springs, Columbia. Mr. and Mrs. W. McCullough have taken a house in Spadina road. Mr. and Mrs. David Walker are to be in Hot Springs next week.

Among the brightest transformations is that worked on the Macdonald residence, corner of Dundas street and Rusholme road, to prepare it for the occupancy of Dr. Tyrrell, who has some little time ago taken possession of the handsome and airy residence aforesaid.

The new President of the Industrial Exhibition, Dr. Andrew Smith, gave a dinner to the Board of Directors and officials at Webb's on Monday evening—the affair being most enjoyable, and about one hundred being present. Dr. Smith made as genial a host at this dinner as he always is in his own handsome home, 311 Jarvis street, and the guests were welcomed with the hearty sincerity and bonhomie which Dr. Smith's friends so well know. Several excellent speeches were made.

A very beautiful little nook is just completed by Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, on the piano flat in their showrooms in Yonge street, which they call their Dutch suite. The old Dutch color and decoration schemes give an effect entirely new in Toronto, the walls being in wide panels of vivid red, and the dado woodwork and floor in deep, rich green, the peculiar blue green of peacock plumage. There are three opal-stained glass windows, a Mozart, a Handel, and a Haydn, and not a sound from roaring Yonge street comes through them, there are other windows between them and the street. It seems impossible this quiet, rich, glowing room could be within a few yards of Toronto's most noisy corner. A beautiful and now interesting piano stands among its kind; on the polished cover is a stave of a Gavotte scratched with a pin, and signed "Mark Hambourg." This was done by the gifted Russian a few days ago, when he chose this Knafe for his use at the Arlington. This Hambourg piano will probably find a purchaser who will cherish its unique adornment.

The success which I predicted for the Industrial Room luncheons on Wednesday and Thursday was much more than realized, for from twelve o'clock until the waitresses were almost reduced to collapse, the tables were filled by hungry lunchers, who found their patronage rewarded by one of the most tempting meals imaginable, well cooked, well served, and well chosen. Everyone came to luncheon—men being at times far in excess of fair patronesses, and lots of amusement was going on as the pretty, bright girls ministered to pretended over-rushed business men, who adjured them to look spry, or they would not get a tip, while at the same time the cunning fellows dragged out each course to its utmost limit, and then topped off with ice cream as an extra. The smiling girls fed them indulgently with a sharp eye to extra orders, and a calm pocketing of "tips," which latter swelled the common fund. Out into the Assembly Hall, tables overflowed from the dining-room and people still stood in rows waiting for the dainty meal. The salesladies at all the work, flower and candy tables also did a rattling trade, and very early the flower table was all but bare, and graceful Mrs. Russell, in her Passion week violet gown, sat amid a desert of stems and twine—her pretty stock sold out. One always gets one's

money's worth at all the tables—excellent home-made sweets, good, well-shaped and sewn garments, cute little affairs for the "wees" and pretty fancy articles. A wide-spread and lively interest has been excited in the helpful local institution called the Industrial Rooms, which is evinced by the attendance at these annual sales and luncheon, including a percentage from every circle in Toronto.

Zaza, with all the odor of—not sanctity, which her advance agents have seen best, to cast about her, ardent for a short stay at the Grand. The roses and men about town, whose appetite for something quite devilish had been whetted to an unusual edge, were simply disgusted at her tameness. On Monday, the house was anything but smart. The fact that Passion week is a period of seclusion for a long section of our most systematic theater goers was one reason why the seats were not filled as usual. But the truth seems to be, that dirt isn't eaten as voraciously as it was some seasons ago, when the first of the series of plays we have suffered, exploiting the way a woman gets out of her clothing (which seems, to a woman, of the very silliest interest), the inner workings of a liaison, and the improbable nobility of some dirty gutter woman, were considered nice material for a performance. Society, in which are some standards, however few and far between, has lately said: "We're sick of all this rubbish." Society yawned and laughed at Zaza. The paper holders carried an injured air, because the disrobing scene was omitted in good little Toronto. The boxes found Zaza neither chic nor devilish, only vulgar and rough, and unpleasant generally. Poor Zaza! On Monday evening the Manning box party included Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Thorburn, and Mr. Moss. On Wednesday, clever Mademoiselle Fougere, from Shea's, with the funny man from this week's bill, were in the stage box. Among those who found Zaza promising enough to tempt them out, were Mr. and Mrs. Miss Jones, Mrs. Manning, and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Muntz, Mr. Sloane, Mrs. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Mulock and Miss Laing. Mr. and Mrs. Somerville Mr. and Mrs. George Carruthers Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. McDowell Thompson, Mr. Ricardo Seaver, Mr. Hood, Mr. Frank McLean, Mr. Hugh Ross, Miss Vickers, Mr. Walker.

The engagement of Miss Kate G. Byrne, youngest daughter of Mr. Frank Byrne, of Huron street, to Mr. Harry V. Kahle, of Lima, Ohio, is announced, to be followed by a quiet wedding at her home during the Easter holidays.

Zaza wears some very sweet gowns, particularly in the last scene—a stupidity, by the way, that scene! and one



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Also a number of good Organs from \$10 upwards. Terms, a few dollars down and \$3, \$5 to \$7 monthly.

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which is so unreal and unlikely as to quite spoil the play. Bathos, pure and simple, is Zaza's last request that her married cast-off lover shall kiss his daughter on both cheeks for her. No wonder smiles greeted it!

Nose Completely Stopped Up.

Had Catarrh so Badly that for Months previous to using Japanese Catarrh Cure he could not breathe at all through his nostrils. Japanese Catarrh Cure cured.

Mr. John McKenzie, Elgin, N.S., writes: "I feel it a duty I owe you to tell what Japanese Catarrh Cure has done for me. For some years I have been a great sufferer from catarrh in its worst form, and for some months I could not breathe at all through my nostrils. Since completing the treatment with Japanese Catarrh Cure, I am pleased to say I am absolutely free from catarrh, and can now breathe as naturally as ever through my nostrils. Japanese Catarrh Cure cures catarrh by healing every diseased portion of the mucous membrane. It cures permanently. Sold by druggists at 50 cents.

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UPRIGHT PIANO

used less than three months, cannot be told from new. In fact it is practically new. We will take \$290 for this beautiful piano, on time, or give you ten per cent. off for cash.

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Upright Piano, not as new as the other, but a very fine piano in rosewood case and cost originally over \$600. We will take \$265 for it on time and give you ten per cent. off for cash. New stool and cover with each piano. Fully guaranteed.

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Ladies' Chainless
Wheels

embrace all the special features that have been adopted in the chainless for men—skill and costly equipment have combined in producing a wheel that for mechanical accuracy is without a fault—light, strong and rigid—has grace in every line—the maximum of durability and ease of running—special mention of these three features:—Skele-ton gear case—Ball and roller bearings—and Combined Coaster and Brake.

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Cigar Connoisseurs are invited to inspect these goods.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Loudon gives a tea this afternoon at her residence, 83 St. George street, to which those favored with an invitation are asked "to meet Mr. Frechette."

On next Tuesday afternoon a "vacation" tea will be given by Mrs. Dickson, of St. Margaret's, at the college, for the young friends of her students to whom they are bidding good-bye for the Easter holidays. From 4.30 to 6.30 is the limit set for Mrs. Dickson's tea.

The closing exercises of the Metropolitan School of Dancing last Thursday and this afternoon at half-past three are interesting events to pupils, parents and the public who received invitations. The salon is at College and Spadina, and the dancing very fine indeed.

The Home for Incurable Children and the Patriotic Fund are the joint beneficiaries of the Ladies' Choral Club concert, which will take place in Association Hall on the evening of April 24th, at 8 o'clock.

Many enquiries have been made for Mrs. Cattach, whose bright presence has been missed from many circles, as she has been quite laid up with cold for a month.

"Where is St. Andrew's College?" queried a young woman with an invitation card the other day. It seems many persons have discovered its location for Friday evening has been for a fortnight marked off on account of St. Andrew's College at Home. The old Macpherson home, indeed, is now the college, with some sixty boys in residence. I hope to be able to tell next week of the delightful time we all spent there last evening. During the absence of Dr. George Bruce, the principal, Mr. D. Bruce Macdonald is in charge. Mrs. George Bruce receives callers on the first and third Tuesdays of the month at the college, Chestnut Park, Yonge street.

The many anxious friends of the mistress of Westholme were saddened by the news of her death on Monday. Miss Michie having succumbed to her illness of a few days, at the advanced age of 75. Her devoted nurse and right hand, Miss Skeff, whose marriage was being looked forward to so pleasantly, has the sincerest sympathy of all in this sad occurrence at a time when everyone was wishing her happiness. Many of us will miss the tall, white-haired lady who occasionally enjoyed attending a tea, and who had always a warm hand-clasp and sweet smile for her friends, and it is hard to imagine that most beautiful of places, Westholme, without its gentle and hospitable mistress.

Miss Victoria Muldrew, of 239 Huron street, has returned to St. Luke's Hospital, New York. The sad and sudden death of her late brother, Mr. R. A. Muldrew, necessitated her visit at this time.

On Monday morning at three o'clock, in Ottawa, occurred the death of Mrs. Roden Kingsmill (nee Irving), wife of Mr. Roden Kingsmill, the Ottawa correspondent of The Globe. Mrs. Kingsmill's funeral took place on Wednesday from the residence of her father, Mr. A. S. Irving, St. George street, Toronto. Mrs. Kingsmill was formerly Mrs. A. W. Croll, and had been married to Mr. Kingsmill less than a year, accompanying him to the Capital, where his duties kept him during the session. The deceased lady leaves one child, Miss Ruby Croll, who makes her home with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Irving. Mrs. Kingsmill was a very bright and fascinating woman, a graceful and beautiful figure at all social events, and a lovely hostess in her own charming home. Only just settled in a home in Ottawa, her sudden and untimely death has shocked and saddened a large circle, who offer much sympathy to her bereaved family.

Miss Hanson has bidden "au revoir" to her hostesses, the Misses Winnett, and returned to Montreal. Colonel Peters has been for some days in Ottawa, the guest of Colonel Cotton. Miss Augusta Hodgins has returned from a visit to Ottawa, where she represented the Toronto branch of the Soldiers' Wives' League. Mrs. E. F. Ball, of Buffalo, will receive with Mrs. Davidson, of Deer Park, next Thursday.

Mrs. Phillips, of Grosvenor street, gave an afternoon euchre yesterday for Mrs. Jarvis (nee Montgomery), who is visiting her parents at 239 Huron street. Mrs. Jarvis' many friends have eagerly embraced this opportunity of calling upon her, and the Tuesday afternoons of the charming bride have been made very pleasant reception days for the past fortnight.

Among the dates through which one may put a pin is April 30th, when the Kneisel Quartette will play under the auspices of the Chamber Music Association.

With the first signs of spring, many Toronto people turn their thoughts to the prospect of another season at Jackson's Point, with its many advantages of fishing, boating, bathing, driving, bicycling, all within two hours from Toronto, easy of access and far enough away from home to leave all cares behind. Already many sales have been made of summer houses and building lots. Mr. DeGruchy, of the Langmuir Manufacturing Company, has purchased from Major Stevenson a cosy cottage known as The Glade, beautifully situated among clumps of trees in Ravenswood Park. Mr. T. A. Reed, a friend of his, has also purchased an adjoining lot, on which he purposes building a cottage; he will, the coming season, pitch his tent under the trees. Several other pieces of property in the

park are being considered by intending purchasers. With the prospect of the extension of the trolley line via Roach's Point, and increased boat service on Lake Simcoe, this, before long, will be a veritable annex of Toronto.

Mrs. Montague Adamson has settled in her new home in Crescent Road, Rosedale, and will receive on Mondays.

Mrs. and Miss Cawthra, of Guiseley House, and Mrs. Harry Drayton, are going to Atlantic City and New York next week to remain until after Easter.

A much welcomed cablegram from Lieut. Stewart Wilkie was received by Mr. Wilkie on Tuesday, bringing news of his convalescence. Lieutenant Wilkie still occupies a hospital couch at Wynberg, and this is absolutely the first word his family have had from him since his illness, which was caused by sunstroke, and which has been of some weeks' duration. Needless to say what a lightening of the anxiety of his relatives has been the result of the scant but cheering little message of Tuesday last, and how all their friends rejoice over their good news.

Mr. Gordon Osler spent last week with his fiancée in Montreal, a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay. I hear their marriage is to take place in September.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp had a short attack of gripe but is now quite better. Miss Mabel Lee was numbered among the invalids last week, and ordered a rest cure of several weeks by her physician, a mandate this active young lady will probably find it very hard to obey. Mrs. Mack Michie is with her parents now in Jarvis street, a cherished invalid indeed.

Mrs. Norreys Worthington, of Sherbrooke, Que., is in town visiting her mother, Mrs. H. H. Cook, at Ardara, where she will remain until Surgeon-Major Worthington's return from South Africa.

Friends of the Industrial Room Society will kindly remember that the annual sale will be held in the Assembly Hall of the Confederation Life Building, corner of Richmond and Yonge streets, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week. There will be tables for the sale of flowers, plants, toilet articles, and home-made candies, while more practical needs will be supplied by a large assortment of dainty and serviceable garments for men, women and children, all marked at the price of production. A substantial luncheon at nominal cost will be served on Wednesday and Thursday, from 12 to 2 o'clock, and there will be afternoon tea each day of the sale.

A Vancouver Lady

Cured of Asthma After Eight Years of Almost constant suffering, she says the Absolute Freedom from the Disease seems like a dream. Clarke's Kola Compound cures.

Mrs. J. Wise, M. Pleasant, Vancouver, B.C., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from bronchitis and asthma for the past eight years, many times having to sit up nearly all night. Through the advice of a friend who had been cured by Clarke's Kola Compound I resolved as a last resort to try it. The first bottle did not relieve me much, but before I had finished the third bottle the attacks ceased altogether, and during the past six months of damp and cold weather have not had a single attack. It seems something like a dream to be free from this worst of all diseases after so many years of suffering. I have since my recovery recommended this remedy to others suffering as I was, and know many others in this city whom it has cured. I consider it a marvelous remedy, and would urge any person suffering from this disease to try it."

A free sample bottle will be sent to any person who has asthma. Enclose 6c stamps. Address The Griffiths and Macpherson Co., Limited, 121 Church street, Toronto, Ont.

From the Saleswoman's Point of View.

A correspondent at Almonte, Ont., writes as follows to "Saturday Night": "I enjoy reading 'Things in General' in 'Saturday Night,' although I do not always agree with them. The society news is refreshing, and makes one's mouth water; but when J. M. L. and Mollie went in search of a hat I was amused, and could really see them as they tramped from store to store to do the openings and the people. Hat after hat goes on that head. No wonder the hat was ruffled. And I can see the disgusted look on the saleswoman's face as the pretty Mollie will have her older friend try on still another unsuitable one. Why is it they will not look at that very rich but quiet one made for just such as J. M. L.? Possibly the gay hats which are in abundance so dazzle their sight they can't see it. I'm greatly afraid J. M. L. and artistic Mollie belong to the class who make the life of business people a burden. They forget that time is money to others, if not to themselves. Salespeople are not working for amusement, and they owe it to their employers to do all the business they can. It must be exceedingly annoying to see the beautiful goods being handled, and their time taken up, by people who have no intention of buying. If they had, they would not go home with only ideas and a few purchases, probably made at the bargain counter."

"Surely in Toronto, with its many military establishments—any one need not make such woe about one's head-gear, and yet may be becomingly dressed. I do not always find a hat ready that will just suit me, nor would I expect it, but with a little judgment and the aid of a good milliner in whom I have confidence, and

3-Stone Rings

Next to the ever-popular "Solitaire," the "Three-Stone" Ring is chosen oftener than any other—and no wonder, they are so handsome.

Whilst many prefer all three gems to be diamonds, others think an emerald, sapphire, ruby, opal, or turquoise as a center stone gives a needed touch of color.

We always keep plenty of each kind mounted, so that every customer may see and choose a ring that thoroughly pleases.

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with very little trouble, no worry, nor the trying on of half a hundred hats. I usually get a very becoming one—so my friends say, anyway. "But this I am sure of, that millinery must be a very trying life, for the two worst sides of human nature are met with—namely, vanity and penuriousness."

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Commercial traveller,
Seven trunks,
No orders,
Traveller slunks.

Inate employer,
Swears and spits.
Here's your money,
Traveller quits.
A. O. BURKART.

Rivers—I froze my feet going home in the street-cars the other night. Brooks—That was an idiotic thing to do. My feet froze too, but I didn't freeze them.—Chicago Tribune.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

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Fry's

It is the cheapest to buy, because it is concentrated and therefore goes farthest.
It is the most delicate in flavor, because it is pure and you have no adulterating substance to spoil the flavor.
Ask your Grocer for FRY'S.

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The most desirable for style.
The only Glove that makes the hand look neat.

FOWNES' CELEBRATED HIGH CLASS KID GLOVES

All fashionable people demand them.
Reliable dealers throughout Canada sell them.
Ask for them and don't take any other.

The Duchess

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is especially designed for ladies inclined to embonpoint. This beautiful model adapts itself readily to the form, yet it produces an exquisite figure by imparting that slender, long-waisted, graceful appearance so much to be desired. This, coupled with the great care exercised in its construction, and its excellence of material—being made of the highest grade imported corset-ribbon—are a few reasons for its manufacturers predicting that the "Duchess" will, without doubt, hold the field as the most popular and the best selling corset of its style.

Ask for the "Duchess" Corset Sold in all the stores
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of a few years ago are the necessities of today. The enjoyment of your bath will be greatly increased by the use of proper accessories to promote a healthy condition of the skin.

Bath Sponges from 25c.
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is what one writer calls wrinkles, lines, and crow's feet, but where is the woman that wants them on her face? The youthful-looking, elderly woman with the fresh, clear skin gives

Princess Skin Food

and our advice the credit for her nice complexion. For the prevention or removal of lines and wrinkles, for feeding and nourishing the cellular glands and tissues, making the flesh and muscles solid and firm, and a thin face round and plump it is unrivalled. Massage directions with each pot. Price \$1.50, post paid any where. Superficial Hair, Moles, etc., removed permanently by Electrolysis. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp or call for book "Health and Good Looks."

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FINE HAIR SWITCHES

Ladies, before buying a switch, see Armand's Patent Self-fastening Switches being superior in every respect to the old style switches. Our prices of the old style switches have been reduced 25 per cent. from the regular price, which is a decided reduction. Now is the time to secure a bargain. Our Ladies' and Children's Hair-dressing Parlors are without doubt the best appointed parlors in every respect in Toronto.

Ladies' and children's hair treated in all cases of acute or senile falling out of the hair. Specialty for weekly and monthly treatment. Premature gray hair restored to its original color. The color is natural and permanent; the hair can be washed and curled as before. Our Face Massage and Steaming Treatment is still the best and most natural over all other artificial means for the preserving of a healthy complexion. Ladies' and Children's Manicure Parlors. Appointments made. Store closes at 8:30 o'clock. Send for catalogue.

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OVER SUMMER SEAS

The Egotistical Lover and His Rude Awakening.

It was manifest to Brooke almost from the very first that the gods had intended her for him. If he had told anyone of his conviction he would have said that the gods had intended them for each other, but when he thought about it in his inmost soul, he put it the first way. And he thought about it a good deal. You have to think altogether more than is good for you when you are three weeks at sea, and the passengers are very largely impossible and ungrateful, and it is too hot to move much less to play ball. That is why men who are ordinarily active and sane do such idiotic things on ship-board, if they are given half a chance. Not that Brooke did anything foolish, though; he always congratulated himself on that. But he had his chance, and few men could have asked a better one. She was pretty, and agreeable, and well-bred, and all the rest of it; satisfactory in every way. They had not yet gotten off San Jose when he had decided that she would suit. But he did not tell her so then. It does not do to spoil a woman. If there was any objection to her at all it was that she was a trifle, just a mere trifle, spoiled already.

But she was very much interested in him. She made him talk about himself. Yes, plainly the gods had planned the whole thing beforehand. It was sufficiently romantic too. He had seen her first in the steamship office at Panama. She had observed him with a side-long glance and had commented to the elderly gentleman who was with her. The elderly gentleman had turned and looked, and she had bent over the desk-plan of the steamer and had said she wanted her state-room on the shore-side, and on deck. So Brooke, having inquired minutely as to what hour the tender would go over to the steamer, went out into the hot morning and took a cab to La Boca, just to see if it were still there.

She and the elderly gentleman were already on the tender when he stepped aboard that afternoon. She saw him coming down the wharf. He knew that she did, and furthermore he believed that she had been waiting for him; which she had, but young men ought not to understand those things. However, she did not look at him again until they went aboard the steamer. Then she had to, because they both had letters to the captain, and the captain introduced them. Her name was Farrar, and the elderly gentleman, who was her father, called her Winifred. Brooke liked the elderly gentleman—as an accessory. The fathers of charming girls are not always ornamental, even in the middle distance, but Mr. Farrar was creditable. No fellow need be ashamed of him at the trying moment of "Who gives this woman," nor thereafter. Then they all went in search of their respective state-rooms and did not meet again until dinner.

It was only the first dinner. The purser, who is undoubtedly heaven's vicar upon earth in the match-making business, had not had time to observe and distribute fittings, so they sat wherever they listed, or wherever they had to, which for Brooke was across the table, and not even opposite to her. He bowed as he took his seat, and he bowed when he whirled around and got up, and for the rest they both conversed with each other, via the captain. The captain had seen the same thing before. He consented sweetly to be talked at, but he was not fooled. His eyes twinkled. He observed how Brooke ate enough nuts to make him very sick and how he looked unamiable when, even with that, Mr. Farrar outsat him, slipping his wine.

That evening Brooke went into the purser's cabin to look at some peartied up in the corner of a grimy handkerchief. He did not understand that pursers see everything, and do not need to be taught their business. Brooke was one of those pleasant people to have about who go on the supposition that you are a fool, until you prove yourself otherwise, which is a rule of conduct having the properties of a boomerang. So he brought the conversation round in this wise. He asked if they were likely to have a pleasant trip. The purser said that they usually did, at that time of the year. Brooke hoped the passengers would be agreeable, too. The purser thought the Farrars looked promising. Brooke thought so, too, and added: "I say! You're going to put me beside Miss Farrar, aren't you?" He said that he was, and Brooke immediately lost all interest in the little nicked rubbers of penrils, and went back on deck, where it was cool; and the purser smiled as he locked his treasures in the safe again.

Brooke came in to breakfast a little late the next morning. Miss Farrar was already seated, looking particularly nice, too, in what is known to men as "some soft, white material," with a gaudy silk Panama shawl around her shoulders. The intelligent waiter showed Brooke to the next chair. Miss Farrar asked him to explain why it is that the sun rises on the wrong side of the world in Panama Bay; which gave him the requisite feeling of superiority at once. He did not happen to know that it did, because he had not been up to see, but he explained it, anyway. After breakfast he bought her aguacates from a butt-bearer, and told her he would show her at luncheon how to eat them. She knew, but she pretended she did not, and Brooke's opinion of her attractions waxed.

After that the course of things in general was as smooth as that of the vessel, as it cut its way States-ward through the pale summer seas. By day they sat under the awnings and talked, and by night they sat up in the bow, way up in the very peak, where, if you had the least possible good opinion of yourself—and a girl of excellent taste to help you along—you

could fancy you rather suggested Tristan. Which—thrown in a good cigar, whose red point of fire gives just enough light in darkness to enable you to see a pair of admiring gray eyes turned up to you—is as pleasant a way of passing an evening as a fellow could wish. They sometimes watched the Southern Cross shining all alone in its field of blue-black sweeping across the heavens, and they were silent. Silence and the Southern Cross have accomplished many things.

They went ashore together at Manzanillo, also at Acapulco, and they two being alone in the boat—the elderly gentleman having gone ashore ahead, and the beautiful Mexican youth who rowed not counting—he sang softly that "the waves were the highways, so deep, so deep; the waters her byways, asleep, asleep," and ended with the sentiment that "thus true lovers tasted life, Stall, Stall." He had a very nice voice. Miss Farrar told him so, and wondered how much longer, at the average calculation, it would be before it would come down from generalities to personalities. Not that she was in any haste. On the contrary, she liked it as it was. What could be more charming than to drift on over the smooth water, faintest blue in the early morning, deep blue, dark as lapis lazuli at noon, steely-gray at sunset, afire with phosphorescents at night, and to have ever beside you a youth, handsome, agreeable, and devoted with that devotion most flattering to a woman's soul, the proprietary, everybody-else-keep-off sort? A youth always perfectly willing to let you talk about him, or to do it himself.

Miss Farrar knew all about Brooke, not only what he had told her, but what she had observed, which latter Brooke did not take into consideration; though it was important. She knew who he was, and that he had been down in Quito for the past two years, and that he was now going up to San Francisco to be best-man for his cousin, who was about to be married. "It's an old promise," he explained, "dating from our college days. We agreed then that whichever should marry first the other should come from the ends of the earth, if necessary, to see him through. Tom sent for me, and here I am." Miss Farrar asked what Tom's other name might be. It was Bolton. Brooke forgot about himself just long enough to ask if she happened to know Bolton, but he did not listen when she answered. He interrupted to wonder if he would have a good time in San Francisco. What sort of a town was it for a fellow who didn't know many people? Miss Farrar explained amiably.

Now every one knows that the pleasant and most fitting occupation a woman can have is to talk to a man about himself. Because, if you like her, which is, of course, her one object in life. But even a charming girl who understands her place in the scheme of creation has an underlying human taste for just a pinch of variety. Miss Farrar would have liked to have him show some interest in herself, as disconnected from him for just five short minutes. Brooke did not think of that. He went on to tell her something that had happened between Tom and himself at college; something in which he figured rather more creditably than Tom did. And she listened as she watched the desolate yellow coast of Lower California, forsaken of God and man, of all but the sweeping winds, and the whipping waves of the sea. She listened, for she never failed of a seemly interest in what a fellow was saying, but she was thinking of other things; of how he would have brought upon himself any consequences that might now ensue, and of how it would serve him good and right anyway. From which it may be seen that appearances are deceptive, and that the most lovely woman may have a streak of meanness in her who would never suspect.

Poor Brooke, who had given her his whole heart—was sure of it now, he meant to tell her so some time soon—never so much as guessed at it. She knew he did not. He did not guess anything at all about her, and did not try to. A woman is a vain creature at bottom. She likes to be made to think that some few of her thoughts and actions have a minor sort of importance. There are men who understand this—and they get good wives. The other sort ends life as "l'homme incompris." But he begins it by being understood. Brooke felt that he was understood.

Coffee vs. Preacher.

"People Poisoned by Coffee Should Leave It Off."

"I have been a great coffee drinker for years and it has kept me in a bilious condition, with more or less neuralgia, as the result of general ill-health produced by coffee drinking. I have discovered that coffee is a rank poison to my system. Since we have been using Postum Cereal Food Coffee, we not only find it a delightful beverage, with all the good qualities of coffee, but it has none of the injurious effects."

"Any person suffering from nervous troubles, caused by the poison of coffee, should be able to get rid of the sickness in short order if such a one will leave off the cause and take up Postum Food Coffee. There has been no coffee used in our home for a considerable time."

"People who are poisoned by coffee should leave it off, because when one sins against his body, he dishonors God, for our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost." It would seem that any one conscious of the bodily distress that coffee brings would have no trouble in leaving it off when Postum Food Coffee can be secured. Rev. John M. Linn, Pastor M.E. Church, South Corpus Christi, Texas.

stood, better than ever before. The woman of so much perspicacity was the one for him. However, there was no hurry about telling her so. He was going to call on her in San Francisco. Besides her name and that she was returning from New York, he knew this much about her—that she lived on Pacific Avenue. He believed she had said something about the view of the bay, from there, but he had not paid much attention.

So they stood side by side up among the anchor cables all that last morning, speculating on the points along the coast, betting on the number of the pilot-boat, describing the Cliff House, watching the city spreading out and over its hills. Brooke said: "By Jove! It is a big place; a lot bigger than I had supposed." It was cold in the bay to those who had come up from the South. So, after the white tug with the gilt eagle on the pilot-house, which had brought out the doctors, or custom people, or some other off again, they went and sat on the crimson-plush seat in the social hall. Miss Farrar was a little absent-minded. Even Brooke saw it. He laid it down to a very natural agitation at having to leave him. However, he would fix that in a day or two.

They came alongside the dock at last. A fellow standing there foremost among the little crowd lifted his hat. "By Jove! It was Tom." How could he have guessed that he—Brooke—would be on this boat? They were up among the cables again, now.

"Have a good trip?" Tom called. Brooke started to answer, but Miss Farrar was in ahead of him. He was surprised, not to say a trifle annoyed. Then he recalled that she had said something about knowing Bolton. While they waited for the gang-plank to be put down, Brooke decided that he might as well give Miss Farrar the solace of a hint of his intentions. "May I call to-night?" he asked. He did a little proprietary pantomime for Tom's benefit. Miss Farrar blushed and hesitated. He interpreted it as consent, and so was pleased that he went a little further. "I want to see you quite alone—dear."

"I'm awfully—," she started, but at that moment the gang-plank was lowered and the rush began. Brooke followed the Farrars down, carrying his own suit-case and her bag. "So you two came on the same boat?" Tom was saying, and he was holding her hand all the time, too. "I thought, perhaps, you might. Of course, you know," he beamed upon them both, "that Brooke is to be our best man. Winifred?"

"Yes," Winifred said, she knew. "It's funny you struck the same boat." Tom insisted: "I wish I had thought to cable you, old fellow, that Miss Farrar would be aboard."

"Yes," said Brooke, "I wish you had."—Gwendolen Overton, in San Francisco Argonaut.

Miss Barrymore's Gift of Second Sight.

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE, the beautiful young actress whose professional and social success in England was so marked, a season or two ago, that her engagement was reported to almost every unmarried lord in the peerage of marriageable age, has resumed her place on the stage of this country. She made her appearance in New York recently in a special performance which added largely to her reputation. Shortly after her return from abroad Miss Barrymore was waked late one night at her hotel by a woman reporter of a New York morning newspaper. After the necessary delay in securing an audience the newsgatherer found the actress in her dressing-gown, very sleepy and not at all pleased by the call.

"Our office," began the reporter, "has just received a cablegram from London saying—"

"Never mind what it says," interrupted Miss Barrymore sharply, "you may tell your editor, with my compliments, that I am not engaged to any New English lord nor to any old one either. Good night."

Maurice Barrymore, father of the actress, is fond of telling of a visit he made with his family to the home of a country clergyman in England when Ethel was a very little child. Mr. Barrymore's wife was Georgie Drew, the actress, and the children had heard little else than the slang that stage folk affect.

It was at breakfast, the second morning of the visit, when little Ethel astonished the host with an expression that good man had never heard before, although every stage child in the world knows it from infancy. It was neither improper nor shocking, only it was slang. Mrs. Barrymore looked pained. Then Mr. Barrymore came to the rescue.

"Georgie," he said gravely to his wife, "I thought I asked you not to let the children become so familiar with the grooms. They'll have to give up riding altogether unless you are more careful."—Saturday Evening Post.

Dreadful, You Know.

THIS is Moulton's story—Moulton, of Standish. Moulton is a Democrat. Being a Democrat, he allows that the other side will swallow anything that the party leaders mix up from him. It is always a favorite allegation of the other side—on both sides.

Moulton says there was once an old minister of his acquaintance who believed every word there was in the Bible and everything that appeared in print with the sanction of the church. Especially did he tie to "Gospel Songs, Selected, No. 2." The choir would have liked to get something a bit more up to date, but the aged minister would not have it. He said that those songs had been good enough for the brothers and the sisters of the church before that day, and he guessed they were good enough for the present generation.

So he continued to sing "Gospel Songs, No. 2." One day some young scapegrace in the church poked into that copy of the hymns devoted to the pulpit desk

a printed slip of a very secular song. But so deftly was the pasting done that it would have taken a keener eye than the dim vision of the old parson to have detected the fraud.

On Sunday he opened the singing book to read the first hymn. He always opened by chance, and took the first one that came to hand. He opened to the page of deceit. He set his specs on his nose, and commenced to read in a sonorous voice: "I'm a double-jointed huckleberry aching for a fight."

The aged parson read the first line through. So sure was he of "Gospel Songs, No. 2," that he had never stopped to think that there could be anything wrong.

But there was snickering from the back pews—and he stopped! He looked at the line more closely. He shut the book on his finger and scrutinized the cover.

'Twas all right. The cover bore the words, "Gospel Songs, No. 2." It was surely his book. There were the marks of his usage. He opened again, and, setting his glasses more firmly, read the second line:

"I can eat a pound of liver raw or fried."

The old parson stopped again. Judging by the laughter, muffled, but none the less distinct, there was something wrong with the hymn.

He looked at the line again. "Brethren," said he, in a puzzled way, "that doesn't read just right for the sacred songs of a holy day. I don't seem ever to have seen that hymn in this book before, though I thought I knew every word of it. It is strange—very strange. But"—and here his voice grew firmer and his tone louder—"there is no doubt about this being 'Gospel Songs, No. 2,'—this book has been tried and tested in the church. I will therefore read the other two lines of this first stanza:

"I can lick a brace of catamounts and eat 'em when I'm tight. I'm a ripper-snorter-tearer, blast my hide!"

"Now, brethren and sisters, all sing. Hymn number thirty-five, page twenty-three."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Another Victory

Won in Grey County by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Thomas Hughes Tells Her Story.—N. Leflar, J. P., Corroborates It—Dodd's Kidney Pills, and They Alone, Cure All Kidney Diseases.

Morley, Ont., April 2.—This little town is excited over an occurrence that would, in early days, have been looked upon as a manifestation of magic. The circumstances are clearly detailed in the following letter sent by Mrs. Thos. Hughes, of this place, to The Dadds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto:

"I cheerfully testify to the wonderful work done by Dodd's Kidney Pills, believing that too much praise cannot be given them. I was for four years a great sufferer from pains in my back, along my spine, in my head, especially over the eyes, in my left, and occasionally in my right side.

"Five doctors treated me, and I also had the care and advice of an American specialist. All failed to help me. I tried nearly all the patent medicines I could get, but none of them did me any good.

"For two and three nights at a time I could not close my eyes in sleep. I was bloated so terribly that I could neither sit nor walk. My agony was simply indescribable. For nearly three years I was bedfast.

"Finally I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. From the first dose I began to mend. I have used fourteen boxes, and am completely cured, and as strong as I ever was, and can do a big day's work, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills."—Mrs. Thomas Hughes.

"I have known Mrs. T. Hughes for a number of years, and I can truthfully state that the foregoing statements are strictly true."—N. Leflar, J.P.

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India's Future.

Within the last century all but 100,000,000 people have been added to the population of India. Under Mogul rule, before the Pax Britannica came to suppress war and stop the ravages of death and disease and make the law courts the real battle ground of the people, the natives died like flies. Now they multiply like rabbits. Persons now living may see before they die 400,000,000 people dwelling in the peninsula. Each famine, by a well-known natural law, accelerates the growth. A hundred years from now India will be one vast tenement-house district with all the old

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outlets of war, plague, and famine, by means of which a rough and ready ratio used to be maintained between population and the capacity of the soil, choked up by British humanitarianism. Nor is there any agency in sight to stop the grim tragedy that is slowly and inexorably shaping itself. Emigration is impossible; to the building of canals and railroads and irrigation works there is a limit; the soil can yield little more than it does at present; the redistribution of the population is a final remedy, and even with a stable currency India can never become a great manufacturing country. There is only one way out of the difficulty, and that way is too unspeakably repulsive to be seriously considered. Nevertheless, if the British Raj ever comes to an end, "killed by the sensitiveness of civilization" will be its epitaph.

The Yarn That Failed.

He was a poor lame soldier and he was about to ask for alms.

"I'm a survivor of—"

"Ah," interrupted the well-dressed citizen, "you were in the charge of the Light Brigade."

He was about to hand the soldier a coin of the realm.

"No, sir, I was not in that charge. I'm a survivor of—"

"Oh, it was at Waterloo that you fought," suggested the well-dressed citizen.

"No, sir, I was with the Rough Riders in Cuba."

"Ah, then you were the first man up San Juan Hill."

"No, I was not."

"Then you're a fraud; I won't give you a cent."

And it is thus that skeptics are made.—The Faker.

An Unquestioning Faith.

The little hours had crawled up to the comb of the roof of night and fallen over until three of them were rolling down the far side toward the eaves of morning, when a solitary man might have been seen slipping into his own house with his shoes in his hand. How needless, oh how needless, are oftentimes the devices of man. How nugatory and void are oftentimes his most painstaking efforts. His wife was wide awake and waiting for him when he entered the sanctified seclusion of their apartment.

"I was so afraid of waking you, dear," he stammered as he let the shoes fall from his nerveless grasp to the floor with a couple of dull thuds so close together they seemed as one.

She asked him in a stone-cold voice where he had been, to be getting in at that time of night. He thanked Heaven for an opportunity to explain, and he told her a harrowing tale of business and delayed trains and telephones out of order and telegraph wires down and no messengers, that would have moved a heart of marble.

She never said a word as she looked straight at him.

"Do you doubt me?" he asked, as if indignant at the implied suspicion of her silence; and then, pleadingly, "Do you doubt me? Oh, Mary, how can you?"

Her face softened and the fixity of her eyes relaxed. "No, William," she responded, almost gently. "No, I do not doubt you. At first there might have been some doubt in my mind, but now, thank Heaven, there is none. Not a shadow, William, and I'm as sure that you are lying as that you are standing before me."

Then William bowed his head in shame, and turned up the gas at her request, so that she could get a better look at him.

Army Canteens.

Canada is not the only country in which the question of the sale of intoxicants in the military encampments is being discussed. France is supposed to be, of all countries in the world, the one in which man's freedom to drink whatever he pleases is

most maintained. Yet General Donop, commander of the Tenth Army Corps, has prohibited the sale of alcoholic drinks in the army "canteens." The effects of the order are being closely observed, and if they are satisfactory the prohibition will likely be extended to the other corps.

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Butterfly—Magnificent, sir! There are scenes in your comedy that Shakespeare could not have written. Dapter—You are too kind, really. Butterfly—Not at all, sir. Take, for instance, that railroad smash-up in the third act.—Brooklyn Life.

"I have a clear conscience," said the Bachelor Girl with a jaundiced skin, to her sister, who was a Jolly Good Fellow. "But I have a clear complexion," said the latter. Whereupon the Bachelor Girl felt that the triumph of her sister was complete.

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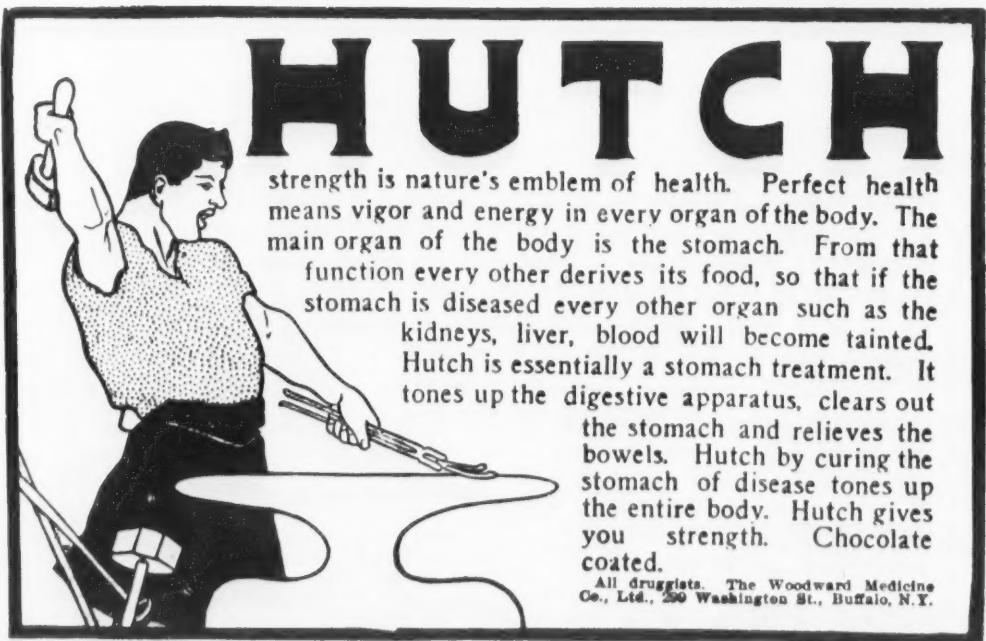
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Ignorant of Slang.

THE talk of the day—current
slang, we may call it—some-
times means just the opposite
of what the words themselves
plainly express. For example, "quite
a little," invariably means a good deal.
There is another current phrase which
has a paradoxical signification, as a
story told by a New Orleans newspa-
per illustrates.

In that city there is a college profes-
sor, accustomed, of course, to a learned
atmosphere only, who owns several
houses. He had attempted in vain to
collect some rent owed to him by a
tenant named Callahan. At last he
sent word to Callahan that he was go-
ing to evict him, and then, rather im-
prudently, called in person at the house
to see what effect this threat had pro-
duced.

It chanced that Callahan was not at
home, but his wife was. She induced
the landlord to remain, saying to him,
as he alleged, that her husband would
be in presently, and would do the land-
lord no harm.

Before long Callahan arrived, and
immediately proceeded to give the pro-
fessor a very hard beating. The profes-
sor had the man and his wife called
into court, and it at once became an
ugly feature of the case that the woman
had tried to allure the landlord into a
trap. But she declared flatly that
she had warned him that her husband
would give him a whipping when he came in.

"Now, repeat to us," said one of the
lawyers, calling the landlord again to the
stand, "what Mrs. Callahan said to you."

"She assured me positively that her
husband had no intention of maltreat-
ing me."

"But what did she say?"
"She gave me to understand—"

"Oh," said the judge, "give us her
own words."

"Very well, sir," said the landlord.
"She said, 'When Mike comes home
won't do a thing to you!'"

The hilarity which followed this ex-
planation may have softened the judge's
heart a little, for he declared
that this ought to have been regarded
as a warning rather than as an as-
surance of safety.

The Starvation Plan

Of Treating Dyspepsia and Stomach
Troubles is Useless and
Unscientific.

The almost certain failure of the
starvation cure for dyspepsia has been
proven time and again, but even now
a course of dieting is generally the
first thing recommended for a case of
indigestion or any stomach trouble.

Many people with weak digestion as
well as some physicians, consider the
first step to take in attempting to
cure indigestion is to restrict the diet,
either by selecting certain foods and
rejecting others, or to cut down the
amount of food eaten to barely enough
to keep soul and body together, in
other words, the starvation plan is by
many supposed to be the first essen-
tial.

All this is radically wrong. It is
foolish and unscientific to recommend
dieting to a man already suffering from
starvation because indigestion itself
starves every organ, nerve and fibre in
the body.

What people with poor digestion
most need is abundant nutrition, plenty
of good, wholesome, properly cooked
food, and something to assist the weak
stomach to digest it.

This is exactly the purpose for which
Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are adapted,
and the true reason why they cure the
worst cases of stomach trouble.

Eat a sufficient amount of whole-
some food and after each meal take
one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Ta-
blets to promptly digest it.

In this way the system is nourished
and the overworked stomach rested,
because the tablets will digest the food
whether the stomach works or not,
one grain of the active digestive prin-
ciple in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets be-
ing sufficient to digest 3,000 grains of
meat, eggs or other albuminous food.
Dr. Harlandson and Dr. Redwell re-
commend these tablets in all cases of
defective digestion, because the pepsin
and diastase in them are absolutely
free from animal matter and other im-
purities, and being pleasant to the
taste are as safe and harmless for the
child as for the adult.

All drug stores sell this excellent
preparation, and the daily use of them
after meals will be of great benefit, not
only as an immediate relief, but to
permanently build up and invigorate
the digestive organs.

The Roads of Old.

The roads of old, how fair they gleamed,
How long each winding way was deemed!
In days gone by how wondrous high
Their little hills and houses seemed.

The morning road that led to school
Was framed in dew, that clung as cool
To childish feet as waves that beat
About the sunbeams in a pool;

The river road that crept beside
The dreamy alder-bordered tide,
Where fish at play on Saturday
Left some young hopes ungratified;

The valley road that wandered through
Twin vales—and heard no wind that blew;
The cow-bell's clank from either bank
Was all the noise it ever knew;

The village road that used to drop
Its daisies at the blacksmith shop
And leave some trace of rustic grace
To tempt the busiest eye to stop;

The woodland road whose windings dim
Were known to watchers straight and
slim;
How slow it moved, as if it loved
Each listening leaf and arching limb;

The market road that felt the charm
Of lights on many a sleepy farm,
When whirling clock and crowing cock
Gave forth the marketman's alarm;

These all renew their olden spell,
With rocky cliff and sunny dell,
With purling brook and grassy nook,
They bordered childhood's country well.

And we who near them used to dwell
Can but the same sweet story tell,
That on them went young-eyed
Content—

They bordered childhood's country well.
—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Getting His Dutch Up.



Of a Different Family.

The society reporter of a daily paper
had been detailed to procure the
names of prominent persons in at-
tendance at a performance of grand
opera.

"I beg pardon, madam," she said,
approaching one of the occupants of
a private box, "but will you oblige
me by giving me your name?"

"Mrs. Archibald Jo Neeze," replied
the lady.

"Pardon me," rejoined the reporter,
"I did not quite catch the last name."
"Jo Neeze."

"May I ask how you spell it?"
"Certainly. J-o-n-e-s, Jo Neeze,"
haughtily answered the occupant of
the box, and the reporter retired to
the foyer to fan herself.

Scared Him Nearly to Death.

An eccentric Maine preacher was
recently driving along a country road,
and overtaking a young man tramping
his weary way on foot invited him to
a seat in his sleigh. After he was
comfortably seated the preacher rolled
the whites of his eyes up toward the
visor of his cap, and said, in sepulchral
tones, "Young man, are you prepared
to die?" With an ear-piercing scream
and a back-somersault over the back
of the sleigh, the young man made for
the dense woods, and has never been
seen in those parts since.

Tomahawks For Sale!

A man who lives in a thriving town
not far from Kansas City, a black-
smith by trade, makes quantities of
tomahawks and sells them to Indians
at Western agencies, and they in turn
sell them to Eastern tourists as curi-
osities. He makes them by hand, from
old gun-barrels. The man was formerly
a Government blacksmith at one of
the big agencies, and learned the
secret of his profitable traffic there.

This is the very latest from London:
Why does Kruger prefer walking on
the grass? Because he does not like
Rhodes.

Lady (with high hat)—I beg your
pardon, but I forgot my opera-glass.
Would you kindly lend me yours just
a moment? Tyrant Man (in the seat

From Pain to Health.

A Chippewa Lady Tells a Story of Suf-
fering and Release.

Suffered From Heart Trouble For Years—
Her Misery Further Aggravated by
Kidney and Stomach Trouble.

From the Star, St. Catharines, Ont.

In the village of Chippewa, and
along the Niagara frontier, there are
probably no better known or respect-
ed residents than Mr. and Mrs.
David Schabel. Both are of Ger-
man descent and display much of
that old-fashioned hospitality so often
found in the fetherland. To a corres-
pondent of the St. Catharines Star,
who recently called at Mr. Schabel's
home Mrs. Schabel related the follow-
ing story:—Years ago my physician
told me I had heart disease. I have
been troubled at intervals with palpi-
tation and severe pains, and some-
times my heart would almost cease to
beat. I would become dizzy, restless
and frightened. At other times I slept
badly and had troublesome dreams. I
lingered in this state until last winter,
when exposure to cold affected my kid-
neys and completely prostrated me.

The spring came, when my complaints
were further aggravated by stomach
trouble. I loathed food, and could real-
ize that I was daily growing weaker.
My physician's treatment would some-
times slightly benefit me, then again
I was worse than ever. Finally, after
all hope was apparently gone and a
large sum of money had been thrown
away for medicines that did me no
good, a friend strongly advised me to
try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, two boxes
of which were brought me at the be-
ginning of the summer of 1899. I used
them and to my joy noticed improve-
ment. I continued the use of the pills
faithfully until I had taken eight
boxes. I am now able to attend to
all my household work, feeling entirely
cured. I have never had better health
than I am now enjoying, and since
discontinuing the pills have had no
symptoms of the old complaints. I
feel that I am under life-long obliga-
tions for the benefit I have derived
from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will
continue to praise them when oppor-
tunity offers."



Biliousness.

Biliousness is a condition of the system
caused by the inaction of the liver, which
allows the bile to accumulate in the glands
and ducts of that organ. After a time the
bile is thrown into the intestines in large
quantities, and some of it regurgitates back
into the stomach. This usually causes severe
headache through the eyes and temples, and
culminates in nausea and vomiting, which is
frequently followed by a bilious diarrhoea.

A teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent
Salt in a tumbler of water (not iced) night
and morning stimulates the peptic glands of
the stomach and increases the contraction of
its muscles from above downward. This
action is communicated to the intestines, and
increases the flow of intestinal juice, and
stimulates the ducts of the liver to pour out
the bile, when it is carried downward by the
laxative action of the Salt.

A person subject to biliousness or bilious
headache will get relief and cure from the
use of Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Price, 60 cts. per large bottle. Trial size, 25 cts.

A Delicious Cup of Tea

LUDELLA

CEYLON

Put up from nothing but the finest teas obtainable. You can't
help liking it.

Lead Packages

25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c.

Opening Day of the Bicycle Business.

Last Saturday, the 31st of March,
was "opening day" in the bicycle
business. The bicycle business of this
country this present year has changed
materially from what it has been in
former years. From the big bicycle
stores of Yonge and King streets last
Saturday afternoon came the strains
of music "by the band." In the win-
dows the Canadian flag was calling
attention to products of Canadian
manufacture with more emphasis
than has ever been used before. In-
side the stores themselves, salesmen
were talking with even more enthusi-
asm than has ever characterized those
enthusiastic gentlemen in former
years. Spring sunshine was in their
welcoming smile, spring sunshine in
their sparkling eyes, spring sunshine
and business permeated everything.

Mr. MacNamara, of the Canada
Cycle and Motor Co., Limited, was
probably the most sunshiny individual
in Toronto last Saturday afternoon.
He it was who directed a party of
worthy "gentlemen of the press" on a
personally conducted tour of inspec-
tion. Starting at the head office and
wholesale warehouse of the company
on the corner of Bay and Front streets,
there is to be seen an office staff the
size of a bank's, and where the parts
of five different makes of wheels are
kept on file, as it were, by an army of
experts, they journeyed up Bay street,
with incidental stoppages, until King
street was reached. At 68 King west
is the salesroom of the "Brantford,"
that beautiful red machine which runs
like oil, and which is now controlled
by the big bicycle combine. Here the
reporters listened attentively to an
able demonstration on the beauty of
"cage bearings."

"Absolutely no friction, gentlemen.
The greatest invention in connection
with bicycles since the pneumatic
tire."

There are seven models in Brant-
ford bicycles this year, including the
chainless, and a machine fitted with
the combined coaster and brake.
These features are also to be had in
all of the five wheels handled by the
Canada Cycle and Motor Company.
Each make, too, shows a light racing
machine weighing about nineteen
pounds. At the Massey-Harris rooms
on the corner of Adelaide and Yonge
streets, the same attachments were
seen in connection with the distinctive
features that belong exclusively to
this bicycle. There are nine different
models of the Massey-Harris alto-
gether.

Made by the largest manufactur-
ers of machinery in this country,
gentlemen—you can't go wrong. The
Massey-Harris bicycle has as wide a
reputation as the Massey-Harris
binder, and that is world-wide."

The Cleveland store is just a little
north at 117. There are ten models
to select from in the Cleveland. It is
a little lighter than last year, but it
is stronger and as handsome as ever.
"This is the ladies' Cleveland," said
the head salesman. "Look at it. Did
you ever see a prettier ladies' wheel
in your life? No, sir, nor anybody
else."

Welland Vale next. The Welland
is displayed at 195 Yonge street. This
bicycle enjoys the advantage of hav-
ing the prettiest catalogue of the "big
five." As a wheel, it has its distinc-
tive qualities as strongly marked as
the other members. It was one of
the first wheels to adopt the bevel
gear, and the chainless Welland Vale
is the "leader" this year. The or-
chestra was going full blast on Sat-
urday afternoon, but it couldn't draw
attention away from the Welland Vale
chainless. Mr. Hunter, who has
charge of the Welland Vale salesroom,
was a happy man last Saturday after-
noon.

"Yes, come in again after you've

seen the Cleveland or any other
wheel. We'll be glad to see you.
You'll find that the Welland Vale will
more than stand comparison."

"Each wheel in the big five stands
on its own merits," explained Mr.
MacNamara. "The company don't
push one at the expense of the other.
Everybody has his favorite. Points of
one machine will please some people;
other people are impressed by other
features."

To the Gendron, at 242 Yonge street,
the party came finally. This wheel
has been one of the most popular
makes in Toronto since 1889, and will
always have its adherents while it is
manufactured. It is noted as one of
the easiest running wheels made. The
Simpson brothers have always
handled the retail trade in Toronto,
and will continue to do so under the
new company.

At the different salesrooms of the
Canada Cycle and Motor Company
may be seen their auto-motor quad,
a four-wheel machine, built to seat
two, tandem fashion, and operated
by gasoline. It is a comparatively
light, handy form of the automobile,
and will, no doubt, come into quite
general use among ordinarily well-to-
do people this summer. The Canada
Cycle and Motor Company are doing
things on a big scale, and the bicycle
business for 1900 promises to boom in
consequence.

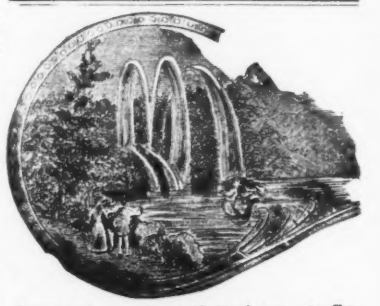
Lady—Why, you naughty boy. I
never heard such language since the
day I was born.

Small Boy—Yus, mum. I s'pose
dere wuz a good deal o' cussin' de day
you wuz born.—Pick-Me-Up.

Mrs. De Plaine—I am so delighted by
my photograph that I have brought
you a little present. Photographer
(modestly)—I really don't deserve such
a testimonial, madam. Give it to that
gentleman over there. "Does he assist
you?" "Yes; he does the retouching."

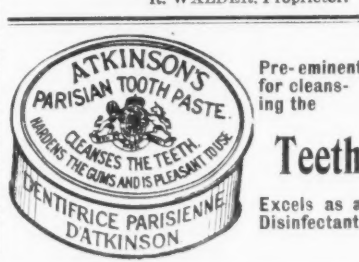
"Is this a fire insurance office?" he
asked, as he entered. "Yes, sir," re-
plied the spruce young clerk. "What
will you charge me for a policy that
will insure me \$20 a week in case I
am fired from my present situation?"
—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Did the Brooklyn man die a natural
death?" "Oh, yes, he was run over by
a trolley car."—Princeton Tiger.



People who are languid, tired out or suffer-
ing from the after-effects of La Grippe can here
find the mineral waters of the springs of
health and strength. A card will bring you
descriptive pamphlet. Everything here for
human health and comfort. Health-giving
springs: pure air, food and water. Liberal table.

HOTEL DEL MONTE
PRESTON SPRINGS
R. WALTER, Proprietor.

Pre-eminent for
cleansing the

Teeth

Excels as a
Disinfectant

BOVRIL



"Alas! my poor Brother"

Every sensible indi-
vidual appreciates a good
dinner more than a cup of
BOVRIL but all the same
the cup of BOVRIL is
much more Nourishing.



THE
DOMINION BREWERY CO.
LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of
the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL
"UBILEE and
INDIA PALE... ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of
Malt and Hops.





TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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It pays theatrical managers to give out the impression that a play is naughty—whether it really is or not. Drawing a screen, as it were, over a performance and then warning good people not to peep behind is a pretty safe means of ensuring a profitable attendance. But, like the people who exchange their loose cash for gold bricks, those who attend a show because it has been heralded all along the line as improper, often fail to get anything for their money but a well-deserved disappointment. Zaza has purposely been represented as a play that should be avoided by women who could not attend it in company with their husbands. It has been denounced in the press in many places as an immoral production, and doubtless its proprietors form of advertisement they could have. have welcomed denunciation as the best. Twice now I have seen Zaza, and while it is not a beautiful or inspiring creation, I would not call it immoral by any means. To my mind many of the comic operas we are accustomed to see—filled as they are with suggestive jokes and coarse songs—are insidiously immoral and depraving, while such plays as Zaza, although they deal with phases of life over which we usually draw the veil, are not so, because they are not written in the spirit of levity which is the true ear-mark of the indecent in art.

Zaza is a music-hall singer in France. She has grown up, like Topsy, without home training, except that of a drunken aunt. In her professional life she is surrounded by the gay, thoughtless people of her own Bohemian class, and by the roués and aristocratic wrecks who are supposed to haunt the green rooms of theaters, particularly in France. To a great extent she is spoiled by their flattery, and her silly little head is turned by her success as a singer. Although she has had many love affairs she has never known the devotion and affection of a good man. She falls hopelessly in love with Bernard Dufrène, a resident of Paris, and to outward appearance a gentleman, but a heart a blackguard. Her love for this man is at first apparently unreciprocated, which sends her wild with pique and disappointment. Then Dufrène unexpectedly declares his love for her. She throws up everything for him—her singing partner and best friend, Cascart, her professional future, a handsome income. After six months she finds out that Dufrène is a married man. Tigriss as she is, she goes to his house to have it out with "the other woman," but Dufrène's little girl appearing on the scene softens Zaza's heart, and she goes away without taking revenge—a broken-hearted woman. Then Dufrène, a lie on his lips, comes back to her. She receives him at first without revealing her knowledge of his villainy, for she cannot muster enough moral courage to root up his love—the one thing that had truly twined about her heart. At last it comes out, however; there is a stormy parting. Dufrène goes to America with his family. Zaza becomes a great singer—devoted solely to her art. Then Dufrène comes back, a widower, but Zaza, whose fame has reached him even in America, tells him that he can never again be more than a memory to her—and so they part a second time, but now in the chastening calm of a vast regret, not in a storm of recrimination.

Such is the story of Zaza. The girl is a consistent character. Her life is more of an inevitable tragedy than an open and wilful crime. She is sinned against, rather than a sinner. She was good according to her light, and did not offend against knowledge. Her redeeming feature—for she has many disagreeable ones—is that she is capable of a true and all-absorbing love. Bernard Dufrène was a bad man, but Zaza could not truly be described as a bad woman. The play is not immoral, for it teaches a good lesson in a most impressive manner, but it is unbecomingly and drags forward, perchance unnecessarily, a hideous and abnormal side of life.

The company which presented the play at the Grand the

first half of this week is fairly competent. Miss Mabel Howard depicted the impetuous, untrained character of Zaza with a good deal of power, and the scene in which she and Dufrène quarrel was a fine piece of acting, creditable both to her and to Mr. Connor.

At the Toronto this week we again have old-fashioned melodrama in A Guilty Mother. A play of this kind when well acted and well staged has a strong fascination for a large number of people. I like occasionally to read a blood and thunder novel of the Old Sleuth brand, such as I devoured by the score in youth, and for the same reason I like to see an exciting melodrama once in a while. The play at the Toronto is interesting—exciting—but not too hard on the nerves. At times it is crude, but several capable actors give it a go that redeems many of the playwright's faults. There is a good blending of the humorous and the pathetic, and there are some excellent scenic effects.

Master and Man, another melodrama, is having a successful week at the Princess. The story is entertaining, if hardly absorbing, and the company are up to their average standard in its presentation. Good scenery adds to the effectiveness of the play.

Mlle. Fougere, the French chansonette, is the attraction at Shea's, whom everyone goes to hear and whom few understand. People who don't know a word of French have an idea that all French songs—or at least all that get on the vaudeville stage—are broad. Therefore, a great many people are anxious to hear her, although, if they were candid with themselves, they would admit that it is a poor treat to hear songs indifferently rendered in a foreign tongue. The rest of the bill is very good, and will by no means injure the high reputation this popular theater has built up.

Each year Mr. H. N. Shaw, of the Elocution School at the College of Music, presents to the public some very talented and well-trained pupils. This year no exception, and among the most talented is Mr. Wm. Yule, who gave a recital of humorous selections at the College on Thursday evening of last week. The hall was crowded. The earnest attention and hearty laughter of the audience showed how well Mr. Yule succeeded. The young man has a fine voice, good stage presence, and a keen appreciation of wit and humor, which should place him in the front rank of Toronto entertainers. His most successful number was a monologue by Howells entitled "At the Albany Depot," in which he proved remarkably versatile by impersonating several widely different characters. In a short farce, A Pair of Lunatics, Mr. Yule received charming assistance from Miss Marie Geldart. During the evening Miss Mawhinney, a popular soprano, gave a pleasing rendering of Ardi's Love in Springtime, and Mr. J. Murphy sang In Cellar Cool in a manly, resonant voice. Both vocalists are pupils of Mr. Shaw. Miss Lillian Landell and Miss Florence Turner, pupils respectively of Mr. Torrington and Mr. Welsman, gave piano numbers in a manner which made their performance a feature of the programme.

Mr. Small, of the Toronto Opera House, has taken the risk of giving a guarantee to the owners of the fairy spectacular extravaganza Jack and the Beanstalk, that their receipts will not be lower than those of the previous engagement of the piece here and has secured the popular spectacle for his theater. He will present Jack and the Beanstalk at his theater next week at popular prices, and this will be the first engagement of the company in a popular-priced house. It is safe to say that no extravaganza has ever reached the same degree of popularity in this country as has Jack and the Beanstalk. This piece has been presented here twice, and on both occasions the attendance was phenomenal. Owing to the demand for seats the last engagement was extended by two nights. This year an unbroken string of interpolations have been made, in order to brighten up the extravaganza, among the numbers introduced being the duet A Lock of Hair, by Mr. Gustav e Kerker; a new drinking song by the same author; the song and march Captain Jack, by Mr. Paul Schindler; and the song Jack and Jill, by Mr. Pierce Kingsley and Charles Cardee. In addition to these all the old features have been retained in Jack and the Beanstalk, and with few exceptions the original company presents it. Miss Edith Yerrington will again be seen as Jack, Mr. Frank Deshon as King Cole, Mr. Neil McNeil as Sinbad, William Sullivan as the Captain of the Forty Thieves, and Margaret Mills as Princess Mary, etc.

One of this season's events in vaudeville will be the appearance at Shea's theater next week of Mr. Robert Hilliard and his own supporting company. They will present The Littlest Girl, a pathetic episode in one act, as dramatized by Mr. Hilliard from Richard Harding Davis' story, Her First Appearance. Mr. Hilliard appears as Van Bibber, who was one of Mr. Davis' best characters. Robert Patton Gibbs, as Mr. Carruthers; John Wolfe, as Davenport, the valet; and Little Alice, as The Littlest Girl, make a cast much larger and better than is usually found in a vaudeville sketch. The scene is laid in Mr. Carruthers' apartments, Berkeley Flats, Fifth avenue, New York, and Mr. Shea has arranged for the most elaborate stage setting ever seen in his theater. Mr. Hilliard is a favorite in Buffalo, and in the character of Van Bibber his splendid stage presence and exceptional ability are shown to advantage. Mr. Hilliard has been seen in Toronto as the star of Sporting Life, Lost for Twenty-Four Hours, and other high-class comedies. The Elinore Sisters are on the bill. That announcement alone is enough to fill the theater at every performance. Where is there a couple of sisters who can make an audience scream with delight like the Elinore Sisters do? Kitten Elinore as the Dangerous Mrs. Delaney is the limit as a fun producer, and her equal is not on the stage. Maud Nugent, who gives striking imitations of actors who have been seen in Shea's, is a clever little woman and a finished performer. The Three Westons, in a comedy musical act; Violet Dale, one of the best little dancers in the country; Hamilton Hill, the Australian baritone; and Patterson Brothers, comedy bar experts, complete a very good vaudeville bill. There will be a lot of new views in the biography.

C. LeRoy Kenney, Toronto's popular young entertainer, is meeting with marked success on his extended tour through Canada. Crowded houses have greeted him in Winnipeg, Port Arthur, Belleville, Kingston, Cornwall, Montreal, Fredericton, St. John, Moncton, Truro, Yarmouth and Halifax, and the papers speak in the highest terms of the young artist's ability.

Isabel Allison, with the Alice Nielsen Opera Company, is a young Canadian singer who is rapidly achieving success. In private life she is Miss Petley, of Toronto. Two years ago she made her initial bow in comic opera at Daly's Theater, New York, in The Geisha. She possesses a dramatic soprano voice of great compass and sweetness. A few of her former school friends in Detroit arranged a theater party on the occasion of the recent appearance of the Nielsen Company in that city.

Mrs. Edwin F. Mayo, wife of Edwin Mayo, who died in Quebec recently, has assumed control of the company that the deceased actor managed. The company has engaged Burr McIntosh as leading man. Mr. McIntosh is a newspaper man, and figured quite conspicuously in the Spanish-American war as a correspondent. Mrs. Mayo says that she believes him to be as good in the part of Puddin' Head Wilson as anyone who has attempted the character; which is more candid, perhaps, than complimentary to her husband, who played the role so long.

The Lyceum Company, under the proprietorship of Messrs. Ernest and Fred Shipman, of this city, is meeting with gratifying success in the United States. The company is presenting Shakespearean plays, and the public evidently appreciates these, judging from the flattering notices the company has received. It is interesting to learn that the Messrs.

Shipman have acquired the Canadian rights of the Prisoner of Zenda and will make a production of it under the Frohman auspices.

The player who portrays a queen,
In mimic pomp of majesty,
Is happier than in purple sheen
Her famed original might be.
—Warren Giles (1721).

South African Intrigue.

THERE has for years been a fierce competition between Boer and Englishman for the possession of influence over the blacks in South Africa. When it is taken into consideration that the native population in the districts immediately affected by the war, is several times larger than the residential white population in those territories, it will be recognized that the native in peace or war is in South Africa a political factor numerically, at any rate, of immense importance. The Zulus twenty-five years ago were the mightiest race in South Africa. For a generation they had defied the Boers. But the British broke their power. The successful termination of the Zulu war gave the British an enormous prestige among all the black people of the south, which up to the present has never been weakened.

In 1889 General Joubert, General Smit, and Dr. Krause (State Attorney for the Transvaal) visited Umbandine, King of Swaziland, with the object of persuading him to make President Kruger guardian of the heir to the Swazie throne. The principal argument in favor of the proposal was that Paul (President Kruger) was better able to protect him than the Queen of England. "Had not the Boers beaten the British?"

Umbandine, to whom this question had been addressed, replied, "Yes! you say you beat the Mangisi; the Mangisi say you didn't. Who am I to believe? Who beat the Zulus?" There was no answer, nor was the suit pressed.

That common knowledge has buoyed up the native in the firm belief that the nation that broke the Zulu power is unconquerable. Implanted as it is in the breast of every indoda, who speaks or thinks with the Zulu or Basuto, nothing but the complete extinction of British institutions and British official life will remove the conviction. "In the Zulu war did not the impi eat up the masoja (soldiers) at Isandhlwana, and kill them by tens at the Hlobana and Intombi? Work gently, my friends. Who counted the men who came out of the sea to replace them? What happened at Kalnkambula, at Ulundi? You may burn the veldt bare, but grass grows again!" So speaks the Zulu, the Swazie, the Basuto, the Tongo, all the natives of the east coast, and their faith in the Mabutu ka 'lu Kwini (soldiers of the Queen) is unaltering.

The Boers have tried in vain to offset this British influence in the minds of the natives. In Swaziland particularly they have done all in their power to discredit the British and impress the blacks favorably. After the British Consul left Swaziland the Boers, mostly the police, looted the houses of Britishers, smashing furniture and mirrors, and generally conducting themselves like savages. On their way out of the country to join the commando at Bell's Kop they paid a visit to the Queen-mother at the Zombodi Kraal. She received them at the gate, and the interview turned on the war.

"You see," remarked one of the men, "what we think of the Mangisi now. We have smashed up their houses for them, and you will never see a Britisher again!"

"And all their houses and cattle and towns are to be yours?" queried the Queen.

"Yes, we'll drive the rooineks into the sea, where they came from."

"Then," suggested the Queen, "if all their houses are to belong to you, why are you destroying your own property?"

This idea seems to have been general throughout the native population. It is evident that if the Boers sought to impress the native mind with their prowess by destroying the homes of the British in South Africa they signally failed. Everywhere the colored races interpreted such action to mean that the invaders, knowing that their time was short, decided, to use a homely metaphor, "to make hay while the sun shone."

Allister M. Miller, in the London Mail, relates an incident which serves to show how the more war-like of the tribes regard this present business in the Transvaal. Miller talked with a fine young chief from the Pongolo district, who could have mustered a couple of thousand men. He was bewailing his fate, as he had been told that our Government would not allow natives to join the British troops in the war.

"How," he asked, "can a man sit in his hut when there is a hunt at his gate?"

"Well," I observed, chaffingly, "the Boers will be glad to have you."

"Au! cabo," he answered. "Are we children, that we should plait the rope that is to bind us?"

On the anniversary of the death of Lady Roberts, widow of General Sir Abraham Roberts, and mother of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, a very touching little ceremony took place at Hampton Court. It was only last year, on March 7th, that the old lady died. She had a suite of apartments at the Palace, and for her own sake, as well as for that of her famous son, was greatly esteemed and honored. Most of the gardeners and park-keepers are old soldiers, and they would look with affectionate pride at the old lady who was the mother of the soldiers' idol, "Bobs." No flowers from the Royal gardens are permitted to be cut, given, or sold. The distinguished ladies who are the Queen's "guests" at the Palace must get the blooms that decorate their drawing-rooms elsewhere—a very proper rule, when one comes to think of it. But last month some of the loveliest flowers that care and skill can grow were fashioned into a graceful wreath, and masses of red, white and blue geraniums, hyacinths, and violets were formed into the English standards which projected from its sides. The idea was a beautiful one, and cannot fail to go straight to the heart of the brave chief. We are so used to think of Lord Roberts as being old; we remember his campaigns and his victories; we have mourned with him over his gallant son, shot down on the



Master (who has come down and found breakfast not ready)—I'm very angry indeed, Annie!
New Servant—Oh! sir, I'm so glad, because if your face was always like that, how awful it would be—I should have to leave!

"field of honor"; and it is with almost a shock that we learn of that other grave, still fresh and very dear to him, in the quiet churchyard by the Thames. The tribute of wreath and flags was worthily and tenderly offered; and we feel certain that no expression of admiration, no acclaims, no personal glorifications could be more valued by our great soldier's loyal, simple nature than those flowers laid last month upon the tomb of his mother.

Notes From the Capital.

SKATING kept up until nearly the last day of March. There was a band at the Rideau rink each morning, better ice and more people there than had been in the early part of January. Among the skaters in the morning one usually saw His Excellency the Governor-General, who on more than one occasion was responsible for the band. He is almost as fond of skating as Lady Minto is said to be—though not quite so proficient at the art. The young daughters of the Earl and Countess take after "papa" and "mamma," and appear never to tire of it. That is the two elder ones; the youngest, Lady Violet—a child with a most winsome countenance and more originality than one would fancy possessed by her sisters—tells one very gravely that skating "bores" her. Fancy any sport boring a ten-year-old! A lady journalist in a recent sketch of the Vice-Regal children described milady Violet as "an old-fashioned child," whereas a more up-to-date young person than she never set foot in Ottawa. At her last appearance as "Princess Bengaline," which you may remember was the success of the winter at the Theater Royal, running for three consecutive nights, and being put on later for two, she was presented with a lovely bouquet of roses and violets and to the rather patronizing enquiries of "Who sent you the pretty flowers?" with a toss of her powdered head Lady Violet would reply, "Oh, one of my admirers, I suppose." But I have branched off from the rink, and I must return to say that it closed at last, and the beautiful sheet of ice is a very desolate and dirty pond, running off as quick as it can through the holes in the floor. Skates are taken off boots, for those good, thick leather ones are the best for the streets as we have them at present. Conversation, too, has changed, and instead of counters, rockers and brackets, we hear discussed the wonderful achievements possible with cleek, putter, or driver. So sudden is the transformation from winter to spring that shortly we shall see the girls in red, cycling out to the golf links. In the meantime there are luncheons and dinners innumerable, while the festive five o'clock tea still holds its own, and the progressive euchre party is not neglected. Last week Mrs. William Perley gave two charming euchre parties, and an equally nice one was given on Thursday night of this week by Lady Cartwright for her guest, Miss Alice McLimont. There were two large dinners at Government House last week. The Secretary of State gave a gentlemen's dinner on Saturday night, Colonel and Mrs. Turner were the host and hostess at a smart dinner, and on Friday evening a charming dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Harriss.

Mr. C. E. Moss gave an interesting "Art Talk" on Tuesday afternoon in the studio of the Women's Art Association, at which everybody was present, and every lady, including the Countess of Minto, stopped for five o'clock tea afterwards. Mrs. Lawrence Drummond is the President of the Association, and by her tact and energy and the assistance of the Committee, it is quickly growing into popular favor, and everybody with the faintest glimmer of artistic talent is being enrolled in its membership. Mrs. Lawrence Drummond has stepped into Mrs. Hutton's shoes—figuratively speaking—in more than one instance (and if one may believe report in one very important instance). Besides succeeding her as President of the Art Association, she has accepted the Presidency of the Soldiers' Wives' League, an organization created, as it were, by Mrs. Hutton, and very dear to her heart. However, even she could wish for no better President than handsome, tactful Mrs. Drummond.

There was a meeting of the Soldiers' Wives' League at Government House on Friday morning. It was the annual meeting of the Executive, and was presided over by the Countess of Minto, who is patroness of the League, and much interested in its success. Mrs. Edward Hutton and Lady Strathcona were elected vice-patronesses. Madame Oscar Pelletier, daughter-in-law of Sir Alphonse Pelletier, Speaker of the Senate, and Mrs. Colin Sewell were the delegates from Quebec. Mrs. Holmes represented Hamilton; Miss Augusta Hodgins, Toronto; Mrs. Harcourt, St. John; and Mrs. McMillan and Miss Montizambert, Kingston. The Ottawa ladies present were Lady Ritchie, Mrs. Tilton, Mrs. Cotton and Mrs. W. E. Hodgins. Miss Hodgins during her short visit to Ottawa stopped at the Russell.

Another valuable women's society that has been having an annual meeting lately is the Ottawa branch of the Women's Canadian Historical Society. The meeting was on Thursday afternoon of last week, in the Assembly-Room of the Y.W.C.A. The elections resulted in the re-establishing of the officers for a second term of office—in the case of the president, Mrs. G. E. Foster, a third. Mrs. Ahearn is treasurer; Mrs. Charles O'Connor, recording secretary; and Miss Kenny, corresponding secretary. So the elections did not take up too much time. The President's address, which, of course, preceded the elections, was most interesting, and showed the good work done by the Society and the benefit of it. The reports of the treasurer and secretaries—especially the treasurer—showed the association to be in a flourishing state. The paper read by Miss Kenny dealt with the first municipal development of Ottawa, or, as it was then, Bytown. Some familiar names rang out from the extracts from The Bytown "Gazette," read by Miss Kenny. "That's the trouble," said a girl to me, after the meeting—"that is the trouble about raking up a past, not more than sixty or seventy years 'past,' and by no means a 'past perfect,' for some people whose grandfathers were—well! never mind what they were; you can find it all out in the Bytown 'Gazette.'"

There certainly is that phase of the question, but everything has to have a beginning—even money! And more even than money—social position. Every village must have its blacksmith, its tinker, its milkman, its baker, and unless it is "Scott Act" its tavern-keeper. Look at the Vanderbilts. Nobody objects to knowing them because their grandfather ran a ferry boat across the Harlem River. But from what this girl said she evidently considers lucky the man or woman in Ottawa to-day whose family tree cannot be traced back to the pioneer days of the Canadian Capital. It were better to have had no grandfather than that! Without the grandfather one enjoys very much hearing of those quaint old days when Ottawa—I beg its pardon, Bytown—had no jail, when it had to play second fiddle to Perth, the chief town of the district of Dalhousie, and send its badly-behaved inhabitants—they were usually visiting lumberers—up to be tried and jailed in Perth; when there was a wide stretch of country between the town and the Rideau River—where is it now?—and a hot time in the old town every time the lumberers and their men landed in to enjoy civilization after the monotony of the woods.

Lady Minto was expected at the "tea" which followed the meeting of the Historical Society, but at the last moment word came that she was suffering from a severe cold, contracted on the return journey from Washington. The tea went off nicely, nevertheless, with a large number of Ottawa's most prominent women, all of whom are members of the Historical Society.

There was a report in circulation last week that the Hon. R. R. and Mrs. Dobell had decided to sell their house and leave Ottawa. From the best authority I have a denial of the story, which all their friends will be glad to learn is untrue. Miss Helen Beardmore, of Toronto, is in town, the guest of Mrs. Agar Adamson, whose husband is at Halifax.

—AMARYLLIS.

"Fall in!" thundered the captain, as they were crossing the Tugela. "Not me, cap!" faltered the Dublin recruit; "O! can't swim."—Chicago News.

The Herring Catch at Chimney Tickle.

THIS is a fish story. It is also true. The combination promises to be remarkable, does it not? I thought so when the man who related it to me prefixed it as I have done.

On the Labrador side of the Straits of Belle Isle, which, as most people are aware, separate the oldest British American colony, Newfoundland, from the continent of America, is a deep natural harbor, known by the dignified appellation of Chimney Tickle. It is about a mile wide and stretches twice that distance inland. This bay was the scene of the greatest catch of herring ever noised abroad from the region of Newfoundland waters.

Twenty years or more ago one of the most enterprising fishermen of those waters was Sam Gordon, now deceased. He was the proprietor of Dare Island, on which he had a large plant for the catching, curing and canning of herring, salmon and cod. His vessels used to ply regularly up the great river to Montreal, and his brand of tinned salmon handled by the old firm of Lord, Meager & Munn, now Munn & Company, was known all over the Dominion of Canada.

Sam Gordon had just purchased a new seine at St. John's. Three-quarters of a mile long, thirty fathoms deep, it was one of the largest nets of the kind in the Belle Isle Straits. Along its foot-line—a doubled, twisted rope—were sinkers of lead every few feet apart. On the head-line were wooden floats, every yard or so apart. It had never yet been wet, and on the first day of the great campaign at Chimney Tickle, it lay in the dory, a solid load of twine, sinking that hard-working little vessel down to the gunwale. From the deck of the schooner, to whom the dory was the hand-maiden, Sam Gordon had marked a school of herring and watched them enter the harbor. The fishing-boat now lay anchored outside, while the dory was sent to place the seine.

Right across the deep water channel the net was set, moored firmly at each end, a clear three-quarters of a mile. Its leaded foot-line lay on the bottom; its floaters strung out on the surface. Sam Gordon eyed these last critically. "If the school ever strikes them floaters won't hold her," he said. "They'll drag the head-line down and half the school'll swim over the top."

So he hoisted sail and made back to Dare Island. Here he loaded up the schooner with empty herring barrels, and having stowed away all he could carry, put back to Chimney Tickle. The net was still in position, the school not having attempted to come out of the harbor. The men immediately got to work and attached a herring barrel at intervals of every few yards to the head-line of the net. That done, Sam Gordon looked at the strange sight of three-quarters of a mile of herring barrels floating on the sea, and chuckled.

"Let them come now as soon as they like," he said.

They rested there at the mouth of Chimney Tickle, waiting, for three days. On the third day the school moved. The look-out at the masthead of Sam Gordon's boat saw it coming. From the extreme end of the bay for half its length the water was broken, as the topmost fish of the school splashed up the surface. Rapidly this broken water drew nearer, and within ten minutes after it was first noticed to be stirring the vanguard of herring struck the net. The seine strained and twisted at its moorings, the movement of the barrels showing where the pressure was greatest. It was a hand-made net, of first-class Scotch twine, and now wet for the first time. It held.

"She's good for it," said Sam Gordon.

"Praise be to them herr'n barrels," responded the mate, piously.

The whole mass of herring had piled up against the net and found their exit to the open ocean barred. They, to the utter disgust of Mr. Sam Gordon and his crew, philosophically turned back into the harbor of Chimney Tickle, where they had two square miles of room, and stayed there.

Sam Gordon swore. There was never, to my knowledge, any controversy about it—fishermen of the Gulf can swear. Sam Gordon was one of the most enterprising fishermen in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But swearing, however scientific, wouldn't make that school of herring venture out of the harbor again. The fishing schooner lay there a week. The school refused to move.

Sam grew impatient. There were a number of smaller seines on board, and his other schooner arriving at this juncture from Dare Island after the trip to Montreal, the two crews were put to work inside the harbor, with the smaller nets. The school was located at the first haul. The boats worked steadily all the rest of that day. In the morning they commenced again at daybreak. The big seine was left moored across the mouth of the harbor.

"Chimney Tickle's a bonny place to load up," said Sam Gordon.

The third day saw several boats belonging to fishermen and settlers in the neighborhood, hard at work. Inside a week there were twenty boats of various sizes loading up with herring. Before the end of the second week there were sixty. That number increased to a hundred before the school gave out. They varied in capacity from ten to forty barrels, and the smaller ones loaded up every day. At the end of six weeks Sam Gordon's two schooners were weighed down to the gunwales. They were each reckoned as capable of carrying eighteen hundred barrels, but this load was far exceeded.

At last the day came when the boats could carry no more. Sam Gordon gave the order for the hoisting of the big seine, which had done such noble service. It was on Thursday morning, of the sixth week, that the two schooners, hatches crushed down on their packed holds, topsails set, slowly gathered way in the morning breeze and pointed for Dare Island. Sam Gordon felt himself to be a prosperous man. Leaning on the tiller and basking in the sun, he let his gaze wander for a moment from the bowsprit, at the far end of the vessel, back over the sea to the scene of his late operations. His eyes squinted in the sun, and the corners of his mouth twitched in sympathy.

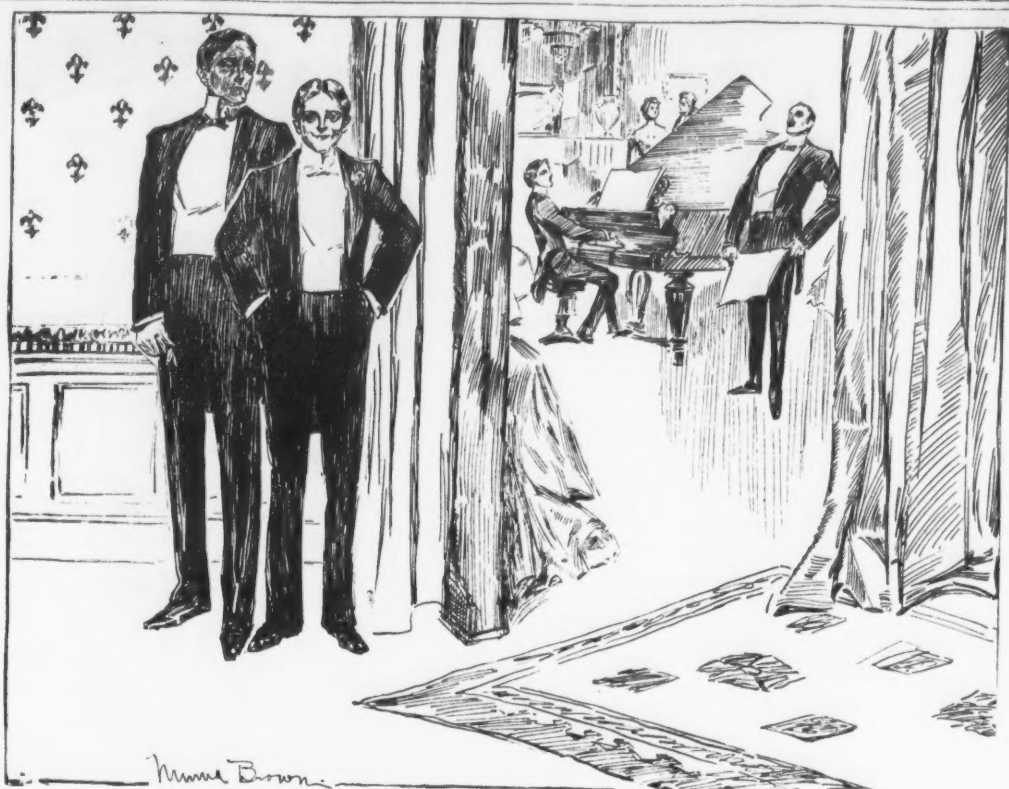
"There's nae denyin'," said he confidentially to the Straits of Belle Isle and incidentally to the North Atlantic Ocean. "There's nae denyin' that Chimney Tickle is a bonny place for herrin'—at some seasons." —S.H.

A Mardi-Gras Nightmare.

ACCORDING to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, there was one St. Charles street business man of the metropolis of the South who had anything but a pleasant time during Mardi Gras. Here is his own version of his harrowing experiences:

"I can't say that I enjoyed the carnival much this year. The fact is, it was ushered in by a mental strain that came near unbalancing my reason and reducing me to gibbering idiocy, and you know when you once begin to gibber it's very hard to regain your composure. It happened like this: Out at our cottage we can manage, by squeezing, to make room for three guests, and a week or so before the carnival opened we invited some Vicksburg friends to come and stay with us during the festivities. They answered promptly, thanking us with much warmth, but declining on the plea of previous engagements. That gave us a chance to pay some more social debts, and we immediately invited another trio in Montgomery, who also assured us of their gratitude, but found it impossible to leave home. When the second letter of regret arrived we concluded we would do our duty to our relatives, and despatched a pressing invitation to a couple of old-maid cousins and my wife's wealthy aunt. They wired they would come.

"I suppose you anticipate the catastrophe, but we certainly didn't dream of it, and when we received a telegram from the Vicksburg folks saying they had made arrangements, after all, and would be on hand as appointed, we were completely knocked out. As soon as we came to, however, we began to do a lot of frantic hustling, and, by some of the most extraordinary twisting and turning you ever heard of in your life, we managed to contrive accommodations for three more people under our limited roof-tree. How we did it I hardly know. I remember hiring a folding-bed for the parlor and buying a Japanese screen, by which



Jones—Isn't it wonderful? He held that note for fully thirty seconds.
Bones—That's nothing. I've held one of his for two years.

the rear end of the hall was to be converted into a boudoir at ten o'clock every night, but the rest is like some vague, terrible nightmare. We had barely concluded when a special delivery letter arrived, notifying us that our Montgomery friends had also altered their plans and would be pleased to accept our invitation.

"When that came to hand we sat down and looked at each other silently, but had reached a point where language failed to express our emotions. Then my wife, who is a wonderful woman, began to talk to herself. 'We still have the bath-room,' she said, 'and the front end of the hall, and the weather is warm enough for you to take a cot in the kitchen.' I know it seems incredible, but before night we actually arranged things on that basis, and were prepared to offer hospitality, good cheer and reasonable privacy to nine separate and distinct human beings. Unless you've been pushed to the wall and half-way through it, as we were, you have no idea of the elasticity of a modern cottage. It can make an omnibus look like thirty cents. Well, when we put on the finishing touches and surveyed the scene we felt a glow of pride. It is true there were some few drawbacks. We couldn't have breakfast, for instance, until one of the Vicksburg ladies arose and released the dining-table, and bathing was indefinitely suspended while the new porcelain tub did duty as an Oriental couch; but, taken all in all, our equipment was remarkably complete and comfortable.

"So, instead of being relieved, we were really disappointed to receive another telegram next morning announcing that measles had swooped down on the Montgomery household, and our friends would have to forego the pleasure of a visit. That necessitated a complete overhauling and reconstruction on a new basis, and we worked like slaves all day long getting things into shape for six instead of nine. That night the Vicksburg folk wired to say that the sudden death of their grandfather forbade their joining in carnival frivolity, and it was then, according to my wife, that I first began to gibber. I swore I wouldn't lift a finger until Mardi Gras was over and no more surprises possible, but next morning I relented and we restored the premises to their original condition.

"And now how many people do you think actually came? Exactly one—my wife's cantankerous old aunt—who took a look at the cottage, declared it was full of draughts that would be her death, and then went to the St. Charles. So we had the premises to ourselves, also several wagon-loads of junk purchased for the divers and sundry refittings, and totally useless for any other purpose. Net cost of experience, one hundred and forty-two dollars, including the folding-bed, which the dealer claimed was damaged and wouldn't take back. Do you wonder the bare name of carnival causes chills to amble down my spine?"

Little Willie's Sang Froid.

A New England small boy has been discovered doing a thriving business in his mother's backyard. A placard pinned up on the fence to this effect shows the direction of his financial scheming:

WILLIE JONES WILL EAT

One small green worm for.....	1 cent
One large green worm for.....	2 cents
One small fuzzy worm for.....	3 cents
One large fuzzy worm for.....	5 cents
One small green toad for.....	25 cents

"What God Would Do."

FEW years ago when a callow scribbler put forth a work under the title "If I Were God" there was instant and general recognition of the indecency of the thing. There was seen to be in the hypothesis an intimation that God was by no means doing as well as He might, and that the author, if put into His place, could do a great deal better. It is by no means certain that a similar bit of irreverence—to dignify it with a serious term—is not perpetrated by those who are given to doing this, that or the other thing, as Christ would do it," says the New York "Tribune." For, as a matter of fact, it is not as He would do it, but as they think He should do it, that they show us. It would be monstrous assumption for any one to pretend to know precisely how Christ would do a thing. All he can know is how he thinks Christ would do it. And so he shows us not what Christ would do, but what he himself would do if he were Christ.

Just that has been done by the man who has been editing a Western newspaper "as Christ would edit it." We assume that he is sincere and honest. He does not profess to have received any special Divine revelation of the journalistic methods and principles of Jesus of Nazareth. (We do not mean to be irreverent.) So he must have been merely showing us his own ideas of Christ's editorial policy, showing us what he would do, as an editor, if he were Christ. That may be reconcilable with his notions of reverence. To a great many it must recall the words of the voice that was heard by the Temanite, "Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his maker?" For to edit a paper "as Christ would edit it" or "as I would edit it if I were Christ" is to intimate that in this, God's world, among all the newspapers edited by God-fearing men, God has never yet succeeded in getting one edited quite as it should be, therefore this zealous mentor of Divinity assumes the task of showing Him how to do it.

Apart from that, it must be deemed presumptuous for an inexperienced man to pretend to show forth omniscience. We suppose (in all reverence) that if Christ were to edit a newspaper He would bring to the task the fullest possible knowledge of every detail of the work. He would be the ablest editor in the profession, whether as leader writer or news-gatherer. So would He excel in whatever profession or trade He might engage in. Surely, then, the man who would show us Christ's way of running a paper should be

the children ragged and tough; the idiot himself struck odd jobs now and again, but being unable any longer to hold up his head over a clean collar and shirt, on account of his thoughts, he never recovered his lost faith in himself. He drove a grocery wagon for two years at \$9.50 per week, and then died, his wife said of a broken heart. The wife soon followed the idiot, and now his children are stablemen, cooks, waitresses and things like that.

Moral:—Don't be an idiot and think, just saw wood and keep up with the procession. —DOWELLS.

The Fool-killer at Work.

THE fool-killer is always at work. One of my college professors used to say that the world needed all the fool-killers it had, otherwise the process of selection would come to a standstill, and the unfit and defective would go on multiplying and filling the world with diseased stock. Nobody, of course, outside of class-rooms, pays a great deal of attention to the theorizings of professors. But, all the same, it is true that fools inevitably pay for their folly, in one way or another, and it is well that this should be so. The difficulty is that the penalty often falls in a measure on the wise and innocent.

Take a recent example. The other day a young fellow, said to hail from London, Ont., went to Buffalo, with a few dollars in his pocket. It is probable that he was in search of work—but, of course, he may have been looking for adventures and a good time. He was certainly a fool, for he got mixed up with a gang of confidence men, and went around town with them, drinking bad liquor in vile saloons, and seeing the sights of the town. He wound up, as most such fellows do, by being robbed and then arrested. When he complained to the police that he had been touched they decided to lock him up, for he was in a state of almost helpless intoxication, and next morning the police magistrate fined him \$5 and costs, in default of which he was sent to jail.

Such is the story of one Canadian young man who was a fool and monkeyed with the fool-killer. Canadians know as well as any other people how to behave themselves when away from home, but every country turns out its quota of fools, and the story of the young man from London is a common story in every part of the world.

There were two kinds of fools in the little tragedy, or comedy, enacted in Buffalo. First there was the fool who got drunk and was robbed, and then there were the fools who robbed the other fool. These men doubtless think themselves very clever. But while they may be sharp enough, in the last analysis they belong to the same category as the man who was so soft as to be made their victim. It is only the fool who attempts to make his living by any kind of confidence scheme, for in the long run the methods of the sharper do not pay. The same amount of skill and vigilance required to secure the spoils and elude the law, if devoted to some honest pursuit would lead to much larger returns than the crooked games of confidence men have ever brought in. These fellows, while fool-killers themselves, are generally also the victims of other fool-killers soon or late.

Buffalo is not the only city infested with men who are trying to make a living by duping the weak-minded, the green, and those who are anxious to be led astray. These, in common with all the other forms of fool-killers, are to be found in plenty wherever men congregate to do business or to pursue pleasure. Toronto has her share, though little is heard about their doings in the newspapers or the police court, for their victims usually take their medicine and say nothing. Many an ignorant or gay young man comes up to Toronto from the surrounding towns and townships, and gets here his first taste of the bitterness of sin at the hands of that apparently necessary part of our social constitution—the fool-killer. —NED.

Corporal Punishment.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, that great and wise man, has declared himself in favor of flogging as a punishment for youthful offenders. Corporal punishment is one of the old-fashioned ideas that we have outgrown in this progressive century, wherein almost every old theory and custom has been questioned, revised, or set aside. It is interesting to note how we are gradually rehabilitating many of these same discarded notions, however. A few years ago, corporal punishment of a very severe kind was re-adopted in Canada as the penalty for a certain class of crime, and it is probable that the triangle and the cat o' nine tails have been more effective in terrorizing men of beastly instincts than any amount of mere imprisonment would be in these days of tea and tobacco and feather beds for prisoners.

Children are probably treated with too much consideration, not only by their parents and teachers, but by the law. The sending of boys to reformatories and industrial schools is a questionable means of punishing youthful offenders, for it does not deter other youngsters, who seem to generally regard this kind of penalty rather in the light of a joke, and it often turns out those who experience it worse than they were before. A good flogging would often be a far better punishment in every way for an untractable boy, just as a good thrashing is often the most effective way of dealing with the street bully and rowdy. A San Francisco paper put the matter very straight the other day when it said: "A Shasta county father wants his ten-year-old boy sent to the Reform School because the young lad stole \$280 from him. About \$280 worth of paternal whacking, at not too much a whack, might do more good." This is not sentiment, but it is not sense?

Of course there are two sides to the question. Undue severity and cruelty will only harden a bad child. But the children of the present generation would be more respectful to their elders, more obedient, and less given to precocious vices had they received an occasional spanking from parents and teachers in punishment of early offences. Nearly all of us on the shady side of twenty-five can remember with a certain degree of gratitude the paternal strap and the pedagogical birch. We can look back with calmness and just appreciation to "the old-fashioned rawhide, the supple old rawhide, the clinging old rawhide, our infancy knew." And how many of us feel that the punishment we were wont to receive did us harm, or that it was not generally well merited?

Lord Salisbury, with characteristic humor, pointed to the peers about him as living proof that corporal punishment, properly administered, is not a bad thing. "My impression," said he, "is that if you will examine the past record of members of this House you will find that it has been very frequently inflicted, and that there is no trace of contamination surviving. There is a great deal of silly sentimentality on the subject, which is not shared by the vast mass of the people of this country. It is only shown by a narrow section. I quite admit it is possible to carry whipping to a cruel extent, and all cruelty ought to be scrupulously avoided. On the other hand, you must not judge the effect of a flogging by its effect on the boy himself. The great value of flogging is to the people who are not flogged; the great value is the deterrent it offers to the others, who see what evil courses lead to."

CARL.

Secretary Reitz's Little Joke.

Secretary Reitz was in great good humor, in consequence of a reported success of the tricky use of a flag of truce, and sprang this little jest on Mr. Kruger and a few of his friends:

"Why is a Zulu one of the happiest of men?"
The others thought for a moment, and then gave it up.
"Because," responded the Secretary, "he assegaits time of it."

"Thank you," observed Oom Paul haughtily, "but I don't Kaffir jokes of that kind."
Then they all adjourned to a bar to consult the glass, which indicated "much wet."—Pick-Me-Up.

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 Lahn.....Tuesday, May 15, 10 a.m.
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia.....Tuesday, May 22, 10 a.m.
 New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen
 Rhein.....Thursday, Apr. 19, 10 a.m.
 Bremen.....Thursday, Apr. 26, 2 p.m.

MEDITERRANEAN

GIBRALTAR NAPLES, GENOA
 Werra, April 14; Kaiser Wm. II., April 21;
 Trave, April 28; Aller, May 5; Ems, May 12.

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This is what you find in the sleeper which runs between Toronto and New York via the Canadian Pacific and New York Central. Any kind of a chop, steak, or chicken can be served from the buffet on short notice. Patrons of this line will appreciate this as a step in the right direction.

Anecdotal.

Colonel Sargeant tells many enjoyable war stories. Once when instructing some men, he asked, "When you are on the skirmish line, and suddenly encounter the enemy, what would you do?" "Fall flat." "And what next?" "Stay there." On another occasion he was questioning a man respecting his absence for six hours. "I was chasing a Filipino an hour, sir." "How about the other five hours?" "The Filipino and his friends were chasing me, sir."

The fifth Duke of Devonshire and his brother, Lord George Cavendish, were noted for their tactfulness. Once, when travelling down to Yorkshire, they were shown into a three-bedded room. The curtains of one of the four-posters were drawn. Each brother in turn looked in and went to bed in another of the three beds. Towards the close of the next day's posting one brother said to the other: "Did you see what was in the bed last night?" "Yes, brother," was the reply. "They had both seen a corpse."

Lord Broughton bore a strong resemblance to one of the dockworkers at the opera. A nouveau riche told him to call his carriage; he did, and then turned, saying: "I have called your carriage, perhaps you will now call mine; I am Lord Broughton." He had a peppy temper, and one day Thackeray had at his dinner a special bottle of Madeira. There was one glass left, and Thackeray, patting Lord Broughton on the back, said: "There, my dear old boy, you drink that." "I am not your dear boy, I am not old, and I—your wine," said Lord Broughton.

Mr. Kruger is credited with many remarkable sayings, but the latest of them is the pithiest. A Free State minister complained to him that the Transvaal had stolen his cattle. "The burgles are worth this war," said the President.

The Book Shop

Great Britain's Patience
 In his book, "The Truth About the Transvaal," the author, William Roberts, gives a calm, logical story of the Transvaal, and the causes which led up to the war. In it the actions of the Mother Country are set forth with impartiality. Just published, 25c. copy.

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sident mournfully, "to fight a righteous fight, but they have developed into horse and cattle stealers." This recalls the famous reproach addressed by a judge to a prisoner: "Prisoner at the bar, you have had an excellent education; you have been brought up by pious parents; you have enjoyed every opportunity to lead a useful and honorable life as a citizen of this great country. Instead of which, you go about stealing ducks!"

Thackeray once told Sir John Mills this amusing story of Carlyle: He had spent a day in the reading-room of the British Museum and had given a great deal of trouble to one of the officials, sending him up and down ladders in search of books to satisfy his literary tastes, and on leaving the room he had gone up to the man and told him that it might be some satisfaction to him to know that he had obliged Thomas Carlyle. The official hesitatingly answered him, with a bland smile and the usual washing of hands in the air, that the gentleman had the advantage of him, but that probably they might have met at some mutual friend's house. He had never heard of Thomas Carlyle.

On a trip which the Gladstones, Tennysons and other distinguished people made in one of Sir Donald Currie's ships around Scotland and over to Denmark, this story is told of a beautiful woman. In the party was the beautiful Miss Tennant, who became the heart and soul and glory of the whole party, and entranced everybody, from the sailors to the Prime Minister, with her charm and cleverness, her good-humor, and her overflowing spirits, which placed everybody at her feet. One of the sailors, whom she asked whether he was married, looked at her and said, "Yes, ma'am, I am sorry to say I am"; and this, she said, was the highest and most subtle compliment she had ever received.

A certain commissioner representing the American art section of a certain exposition was to arrive in Paris a while ago to arrange with the American painters and sculptors, wishing to be brist and businesslike he wrote ahead to several artists stating that he would be in Paris on a certain day, and at a certain hotel, and naming an hour at which he hoped each man would call upon him. On his schedule for the day might have been found the name of Mr. James McNeill Whistler and the hour "4.30 precisely." The note he received is worthy of the author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies."

"Dear Sir: I have received your letter announcing that you will arrive in Paris on the —th. I congratulate you. I have never been able, and never shall be able, to be anywhere at 4.30 precisely."

A curious story is told of Ruskin. When a young man he was staying in an obscure valley among the hills of Switzerland. On asking why a certain field was left waste amid the surrounding cultivation, Ruskin was told because it was haunted; "for," they said, "all the children (but we can not) can see an old woman sitting there under the tree." He ridiculed the idea, but some time later he moved to a village some fifteen miles away, and lived with a family who had never left their native home. He asked if he might take their young daughter for a visit to the place he had left, and took a carriage for the purpose. As he approached the field he said to the girl: "Your eyes are younger than mine; tell me if you can see any one." "No, body," she said, "except an old woman sitting under the tree." "Well," he said, "what is she like?" "I can only see her back," she said, and then suddenly, with a voice of fear, "Oh, she has turned round, and I can see her face with two holes where her eyes should be."

The Grand Trunk Railway System Again to the Front

Handsome Tourist Literature Now Being Issued

The Grand Trunk, ever alive to the possibilities of increasing the tourist travel to Canada, are again to the fore in this matter. We have just received a copy of their latest publication, issued by the Advertising Department, and which is a very handsome piece of work and an artistic brochure. The title of the pamphlet is "Kawartha Lakes," and it deals principally with that portion of Canada in the counties of Victoria and Peterboro, which lie north of Lake Ontario, and which embody the chain of lakes reaching from Lakefield to Cobocok, known as Trent Valley Water Route. Judging from the illustrations, which are direct reproductions from photographs, and engraving in the half-tone process, the country is a magnificent one, and there is no doubt that, with the usual energy which is displayed by the Grand Trunk management, this district will become a very popular one with the tourist. The fishing is without equal, and weighty maskinonge of from 20 to 30 pounds are a daily catch, while the black bass are numerous and run from three to seven pounds. During the hunting season, in the month of November, hundreds of sportsmen make this district their haven, as the deer are numerous, and each hunting party can always depend upon getting the full limit allowed by the law. Copies of the pamphlets may be had from any agent of the Grand Trunk Railway System, or on application to Mr. W. R. Davis, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Montreal, or M. C. Lockman, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

General Gordon once said that the reason why he did not marry was that he had never found a woman who was prepared to accompany him to the ends of the earth. Many a man whom duty does not call to the ends of the earth feels that the woman he would like to possess is capable of unwilling to go where he goes and suffer what he suffers.

A Chinese Tea-Steeping.

Cheap Opinions—Raw Rations—Stage-Struck.

THE century now closing has seen many a fetch exposed, and many a tradition stood on its hoary old head. Men are very different from their forebears of one hundred years ago, and women—well, one scarcely can recognize them! The latest upset I've had has been in a small matter. I used to think I knew how to make tea. And here comes no less an authority than the Chinese Minister from Washington with an outrageous formula—the very opposite of everything our faithful cooking school teaches. You know the proper caper. An earthen tea-pot, made hot with boiling water, a spoonful of tea for you and another for me, and a third for the pot. Then fill up with water that has just boiled for half of no time, and cover up for four or five or seven minutes, according to the sort of tea. To let it stand is a misdemeanor; to make any more without emptying and reheating the tea-pot is a crime which no lady over forty could ever forgive. Hark to the Chinese Minister. In China the tea-pot is treated as aforesaid, and set away for the day under a very efficient cosy. Leaves and hot water are added at intervals as more tea is needed during the entire day. Well! The Chinese ought to know best. Which shall we follow?

It is discipline sometimes to restrain expression of opinion when an issue sets itself squarely before you and you think you see in a flash all its good and evil points. The world is full of persons expressing opinions about things, people and actions of which they know little or nothing, and which generally should not concern them in the least. It is so common among us to see sides taken more or less violently for or against some matter which should be entirely sacred from our interference or even comment. Family affairs, from being casually gossiped over, become causes of earnest dispute, wrangling and bad feeling among outsiders who can have no possible right or excuse for intermeddling, or even criticizing. You hear it every day. There cannot be a business change, an announced engagement, a rumor of misfortune, or lack of harmony, or want of means, that some impertinent voice doesn't chirp out, "Well, I think," or "It's my opinion!" It doesn't seem to occur to the opinionated how cheap they become, for if their voice was valuable or their opinion worth anything, they would keep it close until it was begged for.

It does seem hard, after all the nice things one has learned at the cooking schools, to be taught that cooking is all a mistake, that one should eat raw eggs, raw grain, and vegetables and fruit, and thus starve out those pestilent microbes which invest all of us and wait to prey upon us at every breath. If you don't cook your food, you'll be normally healthy, your teeth will come without trouble, and stay without filling; you won't catch disease, because your poor dear microbes will be too attenuated and weakened; you will live so cheaply, and die so easily, at some enormous age, and your life will be "one grand sweet song." Very well, then! Who will begin the omelette? You must eat meat which has been soaked in water over night, instead of porridge, honey or milk with it, raw eggs, fruit. Talk about bread being the staff of life! Nonsense. Bread is almost as abominable as "Scotch." Microbes don't seem to care for Scotch. The idea is to starve your microbes at any cost. What's the odds, if you incidentally starve yourself?

There is a story of Brander Matthews' running in a United States paper, which traces the disintegration of an "appy little" ome, by way of the young wife's success and ambition as an actress. She begins so gently, playing at some private theatricals, and arrived last week at the outset of a tour as a star. The young architect-husband, who is the right sort, sees his home, his baby and himself in danger of desertion, calmly and clearly announced by the little woman, who is also a good sort of her sort. In last week's number of another paper is a little story of the same sort, told by the backs of a lot of addressed envelopes. The fire of genius and the dream of earning one million in ten years are apparently going to set the little wife of the architect off on a chase which will carry sorrow and chagrin along, but the fire has caught, and the wind's with it, the second element being supplied by the wily theatrical agent. Perhaps a comment upon this much of the story may be had from the words of the most physically lovely little woman who ever trod the boards in New York. She conquered, by her beauty, her manager, her public, and her rivals. The night after an unusually hilarious and magnificent supper she was warned by an old friend that she wasn't equal to the strain she endured. "I just want five years of it. And then out!" She had her way, and her memory is now a beautiful regret to her best friends, and a pleasant source of comfort to her less courted rivals. I thought that little actress yesterday, as in picking my way over an unusually dirty crossing I saw one exquisite stem of lily of the valley fall from a lady's breast, and the next instant disappear under a horse's iron hoof. The stage has traps and trials enough for the plain-featured woman of brains who wears success from fate; for the beauty who trades on her fleeting power the exit is only through one door.

LADY GAY.

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Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

24th of July.—1. There is a great deal of vitality and force in this study, with a decided and dominant will, a tendency to idealize (a good thing, my dear), some tenacity, a level and slightly pessimistic nature. You are clever in your own way, practical, reasonably fond of pleasure and very discreet. You don't look to me to have of distinct individuality and determined purpose. This is a fine breezy study. 2. High spirits usually denote fine physical condition; if you could see the person to pump you'd wonder. Looks like a yard of pump water!

Seeker.—1. How on earth do you suppose I know anything about what you call the next world? This one seems quite enough to bother with, and there may not be any next, anyway. Don't talk clap-trap—none of us know if the "next" is going to be a world at all. Do I believe in spiritual life? Of course, I am not a jelly fish. But, seriously, my dear, though I take you up short, I am glad you're enquiring and seeking. You have the encouragement and endorsement of the Perfect One. And as to whether we shall know everything which goes on in the place we have left? God forbid! Some gentle souls were sorely grieved in that case. 2. Your writing shows honesty, frankness, impulsive feeling and generally rather clear ideas. It is not a striking, but a very likable hand.

A Mere Kid.—I'm afraid you're too much of a kid for this column. My heart warms to you since you've given up back-hand. Good kiddie. There's the making of a fine and clever grown-up in you, my dear.

Dalhia.—Do I think a person will find any good in going to the opera? (Well, I am answering this on April Fool's eve.) Yes, there is many a hearty laugh in the opera going on this minute across the street. There is beauty and harmony and rich thought in many an opera. To the cultured, artistic person there is great delight in a fine opera. As to being influenced by it to lead a pure life, my good girl, you are expecting too much of the evening's amusement. Do I think I am any better (morally) by attending the opera? How persistent you are! And you beginning your letter "Dear Sir!" I suppose men may be influenced differently, but I've never in a wide and intimate experience known of any worldly immoral influence exercised by a visit to the opera. You do make me tired. But, patience, 'tis the eve of All Fools' Day!

Ignorant Nell.—What a disaster! I can only tell you that your writing particularly attracted me at first sight. I am sure you are not particularly disagreeable—and I don't see why you make many enemies and few friends, unless you talk too much. Your lines are bright and original, with plenty of ambition, imagination and enterprise. I should say you had talent for lots of things. Don't blame Fate because you haven't got to earn your own living. It's not so funny or so containing as you think. So bright a person should dig into speculative thought and be happy.

The Maid of the Mist.—You really mustn't ask it, dear maid. One good character should last you a lifetime. Did I ever move? Well, how do you suppose I got into the Den—as you call it? Do you think the plumpers put me in like a gas fixture? Of course, I've moved. Four blessed times have my Lares and Penates been set up in sixteen years! Did I ever move? Well, but I could tell you tales!

Don Juan.—Your writing's better than your name. It has many a fine twist to it. A canny, not too impressionable person, with energy and dash, ambition and love of novelty, capacity for affection even under an off-hand manner, good sequence of ideas, and may easily be more given to big plans than corresponding actions. 'Tis a good-tempered, persistent, hopeful study, anyway.

Jack Brown.—Ple upon you, good man! What would the man of the house say to such a farrago of nonsense? But, I forgot, 'tis April Fool's eve, and those interesting persons, the fools, are not all

dead yet. For, indeed, you are the king of fools, good man. Be it known unto you that so far from "living alone and unloved," your humble servant sometimes humbly prays for peace and a little animosity, the goodness of all and sundry doth so embarrass her to properly return in kind. Go with your love and sympathy, good John, to greener fields. This bird is an old bird. You see I won't take you seriously—you look so like a fake.

Ego.—To go on the stage—and with your spelling—what a lark! I advise you to go to school a bit. You're too young and too ignorant to think of stage life. I don't know the woman in question, but, judging from her acts and appearance, cannot recommend her as a model. Your writing defies delineation.

A Has Been.—1. Yes, the Empire stamps have not been issued for a couple of months. 2. Perhaps they may be of value. Ask Kyrie or Ellis.

Scribbler, Ottawa.—Sorry you got sidetracked so long. Do you know that you sometimes talk with your mouth and not with your head? And you're a nice man, too! You do not believe much in the ornaments of life—are good-natured, not easily impressed, have good sequence of ideas, neat and businesslike method. I think your pride would be a stronger factor than your principle to keep you on the straight road. You are very bright and clever, quick in perception, and likely fond of the exact sciences.

Torquay.—You very conscientious and truthful people make me ashamed of my own writing. Your sequence of thought is so good and your decision of opinion so firm—more firm than your action, by the way—you are practical, saving and very discreet. You don't look to me to have ever had real freedom of thought and action. 'Tis a circumscribed study, but strong, honest, a little sentimental and very inartistic. Indeed, you haven't a speck of sympathy from me. I wish someone would banish me to "a little village in Devonshire," dear place! I do like your circumspect English writing very much indeed.

Jupiter.—1. No, I don't remember having met her, but if she says yes, I dare say she is right. It can only have been a chance encounter. 2. Your writing is rather a mean study; at times your letters grovel. I don't know whether you have the talent you enquire about. You are kind, hasty, enthusiastic, fond of luxury, easily cowed, ambitious and persistent.

Paul Jones.—You are imaginative, proud and selfish. Your ambition is yet unrealized. Isn't it pretty high? You love show and are too much influenced by appearances. There are lines quite as busy and purple in your hand. That you think yourself a genius isn't strange. That the world would agree with you would be stranger.

Lady Carew.—Ye darlin'! It's the Irish in you that I love; and on the war Irish I'm yours in every particular. I couldn't let him. I'd inappreciate him somehow! Your writing is full of vitality, force and magnetism. Impulse, quick wit and perception, keen and courageous, are shown. You are self-reliant, a bit assertive, not very tactful, and incapable of diplomacy, a breezy, bright woman, and I fancy a conservative to the core, but your nature is so bright and "vivant" that you'd never lag on a principle or wait for a tedious policy. I only hope to see your delightful screen soon again.

Tess.—Refinement and sentiment, constancy and gentleness, some ambition, hope, love of beauty and cautious and discreet method. Your character is not particularly marked by decision or snap.

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A Sign of the Times.

Mr. Charlton's Motion—Prospect of Perpetual Sessions of the Canadian Parliament—Some Practical Suggestions.

MR. JOHN CHARLTON'S motion to limit the length of speeches in the House of Commons is one of the signs of the times. One does not require to be very old to recall the time when three months was the average length of sessions of the Canadian Parliament. Now five or six months are not considered out of the way. Such floods of talk are poured forth at Ottawa that the newspapers are finding it no longer possible to give anything but outlines of the debates, and it is a question, if the present tendency to long-winded harangues is not checked, whether the House will not quietly drift into a perpetual session, the business being conducted by relays of members, one shift doing the talking while another retires for rest and refreshment. Something similar to this system was inaugurated during the memorable debate on the Remedial Bill in the closing days of the last Parliament. But it was then designed to meet only a temporary and isolated difficulty, and not to solve a permanent problem. If the slab-sided ex-Minister of Agriculture and the woolly-faced gentleman from Copper Cliff insist on debating for sixteen hours at a stretch the effects of the duty on thread upon the movement for cheaper shirts for farmers, and if every other subject of legislation or discussion is to be debated at equal length in proportion to its importance, where will the Canadian House of Commons land?

Could not the House be remodelled so as to give room for folding beds in place of the present desks? These could be constructed so as to serve during the hours of work for the conducting of correspondence and the wrapping up of campaign literature by the members. As occasion required, they could be let down by colored porters and used for the purpose of resting the tired vertebrae of the

mighty orators who infest Parliament. With a simple gas stove attachment, and a refrigerator for liquids, each combined desk and bed could be made to serve as office, boudoir, kitchen and club, and the members would be altogether relieved from the grievous necessity of letting up on the flow of oratory for even a few hours daily. There would always be a quorum in the House, and, although at times the debates might be somewhat disturbed by the frying of fragrant steaks or the deep snores of over-wrought members, these little things would, doubtless, be less trying to unpopular orators than the disorderly exodus of members to the reading-room and the Senate bar, which now disturbs the opening cadences of particular Parliamentary warblers. With an electric bell at each bed, the Speaker could instantly ring on a division and the unseemly flying hither and thither of whips would give place to the more calm and dignified spectacle of the simultaneous rousing of a hundred or two snorers from their slumbers.

If Mr. Charlton would introduce a bill embodying some such provisions as these, he would be dealing with the existing difficulty in a much more practical and philosophical manner than by an attempt to limit the verbosity of our Parliamentary representatives. Everybody, except Mr. Charlton, seems to understand that to do the latter is beyond the range of the possible. Let us, then, face the inevitable, reconcile ourselves to the prospect of perpetual sessions, and strive to equip the House and the country in accordance with the needs of the times.

By the way, an enactment making it a criminal offence for an editor to devote more than 500 words daily to the proceedings of Parliament, would have to be adopted for the protection of the public in case the aforementioned system should come into force.

FELIX VANE.

Apropos of Sir Alfred Milner's recent intimation that cast-off frock coats and evening gowns are not precisely the articles best suited to the needs

of refugees from the Transvaal, a correspondent recalls what happened in the time of one of the Irish famines, when a peeress who was collecting contributions in cash and kind had to notify that the starving peasantry had no need of ball dresses. The truth is that at such times a certain number of ladies seize the opportunity of doing what they take to be charitable actions by clearing their wardrobes of any disused finery or downright rubbish that they want to get rid of.

The Agent.

After Pos. (A long way after.)
Once upon a May day dreary,
She was working weak and weary,
Down upon her marrows, mopping,
Mopping up the parlor floor.
While the mop went flapping, flapping,
Suddenly she heard a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at the parlor door.
"Tis some visitor," she muttered,
"Tapping at the parlor door—"
"Gracious Peter, what a bore!"

Up she jumped, and, nearly swearing,
Hastily began preparing
To appear as women wish to
When their callers look them o'er;
Yanked her apron off and slung it,
Snatched her headgear off and flung it.
Grabbed a doorman up and hung it
O'er the greasy gown she wore.
—Then she found a plaguey agent
Standing at the parlor door—
Only that and nothing more.

Some Funny Names.

EVERYBODY remembers the case of the Canadian parents who christened their baby, born the day after the last Dominion elections, "Wilfrid Laurier Oliver Mowat Victory." There have been few cases reported in this country of similar bits of nonsense on the head of the war, although some children have been christened Roberts and Buller within the past four or five weeks. In the Old Country, however, patriotic pa-

rents have displayed a remarkable willingness to burden their children with the most ridiculous names, commemorative of great generals and battle-fields. Ladysmith Waghorn appears on the Hampstead register. Another child in the same district was christened Pretoria May in anticipation of the month when the British army would be likely to enter the Transvaal headquarters. Shoreditch South can claim a James Spion Kop Skinner. Deptford has produced a Harry Glencoe and a Lily Colenso, while even Kruger and Tugela have been given as middle names. There are scores of Roberts, Kitcheners, Bullers and Frenchs, and Glencoes and Kimberleys are hardly less numerous. In the Holborn district of London, there is a Thomas Elands Laagte Wilks. Bloemfontein as a Christian name has yet to find popularity.

Cure For Heartburn.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are the Only Sure Remedy.

They and They Only Have Never Failed to Cure this Common Affliction—Their Effect is Permanent and Positive.

Heartburn is a very common form of indigestion. It is known to medical men by the name of Acid Dyspepsia. Acid Dyspepsia is a result of the fermentation in the stomach, of food that has been only partially digested. Gas is created by the process of fermentation. It fills the stomach, pressing against, and distending the walls and rising to the mouth, causing a bitter, burning taste.

Acid Dyspepsia is due to weakness of the stomach, which cannot digest the food. The only way to cure the trouble is to restore the stomach to its natural healthy condition.

This result is effected by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. Their first effect is to digest thoroughly the food accumulated in the stomach. This accomplished, the Tablets exert their curative power on the stomach. They stimulate the glands and cause them to secrete the gastric juice and other liquids that are necessary to bring about perfect digestion.

When this has been done, Acid Dyspepsia cannot exist. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure the trouble. No other remedy ever known will do it, or can do it. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have never failed to do it. Try a box, and be cured for good, of your heartburn.

How the French are Behaving.

THE French Government, in its struggle with the Church, has been obliged to call in the help of the Pope. When the Assumptionist Fathers were prosecuted and disbanded as an illegal association, the bishops of Aix and Valence made vigorous attacks on the ministry. The Government retaliated by stopping their salaries. The bishops grew bolder and more vehement in their assaults, and the Government has no further means of punishing them. By the terms of the Concordat a bishop is appointed for life, and cannot be removed by the secular power. All that the Government can do is to request the Pope to bring a refractory member of the episcopate to book. And this is what M. Waldeck-Rousseau has done. The Pope, if he grants the request, can at once order the resignation of Mgr. Goutte Soudard and Mgr. Cottin. In the unlikely case of their refusal to obey the command of the Vatican, they would lose all spiritual authority, and might provoke the Pope into appointing an apostolic vicar over their heads to administer their diocese. Either way the French Government would carry its point—provided the Pope falls in with the ministerial wishes.

Injured Headgear.

Never, perhaps, in the history of the hat trade, has the demand for ironing and general renovation been so keen as was the case immediately after the capitulation of Cronje and the relief of Kimberley and Ladysmith, says the London "Daily Mail." Of all the subjects of the Queen, hatters, more particularly the hatters of the City, have reason to feel grateful to Lord Roberts and Sir Redvers Buller for the splendid results achieved. Such a boom in ironing and hat-blocking as occurred on the morning following Ladysmith Day had never before been known in London. At the Cornhill branch of one large establishment, a reporter was told that the rush of customers with injured headgear was extraordinary. "They streamed in all day with hats in every conceivable stage of dilapidation. Our customers around here had been celebrating the occasion, and their hats had suffered badly. The list of casualties to silk hats was terrible. Some were only slightly hurt in the brim, others were severely wounded in the crown, and many were in a condition almost beyond treatment. Some we repaired, and in other cases, where the injury was too severe, we supplied new hats. It was a great morning."

Other well-known hatters, with branches within the jubilation area of the Bank and Mansion House, report the same great demand for the reviving influence of the iron and the plush pad.

"Pretoria Day hats," with patent indestructible crowns, are now promised.

Lord Wolseley is to vacate the office of Commander-in-Chief in November next, when his five years' term of employment in that capacity will expire. It is practically settled that Lord Roberts is to succeed Lord Wolseley, and this arrangement will meet with universal approval. Lord Roberts, being a Field Marshal, is exempted from the operation of the compulsory retirement rule, so his age does not signify, which is very fortunate.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

LABATT'S PORTER

Undoubtedly the best brewed on the continent. Proved to be so by Analyses of four Chemists, and by Awards of the World's Great Exhibitions, especially Chicago, 1893, where it received 96 points out of a hundred—much higher than any other Porter in United States or Canada.



Diamonds For Playthings.

Ruskin, the great English critic, was a man of original and quite independent ways. Sure of his own motives, he did what he wished, when no one was to be harmed or incommoded by his action. He had for diamonds which had no connection whatever with a decorative intention. He carried the gems loose in his pocket, and took them out from time to time to play with, as another man might have toyed with a charm on a watch-chain.

On one occasion, while calling on a friend, he absent-mindedly took some of these costly playthings out of his pocket. Curiosity was shown by some one present, and Ruskin thereupon showed all his gems, passing them from hand to hand. One of the most valuable of the collection fell to the floor during this process, and with the apparent perversity of costly things, it rolled into a corner out of sight, and could not be found.

The friend was in a terrible state of anxiety. Chairs were taken out, furniture moved, and the carpet taken up. Meanwhile Ruskin was begging his host not to take any trouble. "It is gone now—let it remain where it is," he said, and attempted to change the subject. When at last it was found, Ruskin merely slipped it back into his pocket without interrupting the remarks he was making on modern literature.

Doubt in Heaven.

From heaven's windows looked I forth,
And I saw
In outer darkness scenes of grief and woe.
The victims of God's righteous, broken law
In pain were wandering there, lamenting so
And cursing those who chose the better part
That, even in the light and joy of heaven,
An awful weight of care fell on my heart,
And veiled the glories of the circles seven.
In doubt, I wondered how such things could be.
Then, looking at the saints whom love had blessed,
I asked if they were worthy, who could see
Such shame and hopeless misery and rest,
Or safe in heaven stay, and count the cost
To fight that awful guile and save the lost.
—George Batchelor, in New England Magazine.

A Severe System.

A modern instance of the heroic Spartan system of training is given in an article on Menelik and His People, in the Windsor Magazine. It is the habit of the Abyssinians after a battle, or after warlike manoeuvres, to squat on the ground in a long line and fire their rifles into the air, barrels up, butts between the knees. There are no blank cartridges, but balls that wound or kill whomsoever they strike in the descent. A cannon-shot gives the signal, and forthwith the firing starts far down the line, rolling nearer and nearer till it swells into a roar of musketry about the emperor himself, then dies away at the farther side; and the bullets come down on soldiers or citizens as may be, for this firing is as likely as not to take place in a crowded city.

"Would it not be wiser, your Majesty," asked a French traveller, agast at this reckless procedure, "to use blank cartridges?"

"Why so?" asked Menelik.

"It would economize rifle-balls and

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save life." was the answer.
"I do not mind losing a few balls," replied Menelik, "if it makes my people despise them."
King Menelik gives a lion skin to the man who can fight three days without food or water, or journey on the same diet over the desert or mountains. The Italians found that men trained in such fashion were invincible to an easy-going Latin race like themselves.

A Giddy Young Thing.

"Some scientists say that the earth is thirty million years old."
"Then I suppose that Venus is one of the ballet girls of the solar system."

A Moral Reflection.

Henry Labouchere, M.P., responding to an invitation to attend a recent smoking concert and dance in aid of the Northampton Reservist Fund, forwarded ten guineas and a letter. In the communication, after remarking that his dancing days were over, he added the following moral reflection: "I have always thought that it is somewhat gruesome for fine ladies to get up balls in London to help the wounded, and that they would do better to contribute what they can without dancing over graves. But care of the families of reservists is quite another matter, although the state should provide for the families of all who are ordered to the front."

Modern Actor—I can't play in that piece. The role does not fit me. Old-Time Manager—I thought you were an actor. Modern Actor—No, only a star.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you distressed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

To Live Without Sleep is Worse Than Death

Sleeplessness is an Unmistakable Symptom of Weak, Exhausted Nerves, and is Permanently Cured When the System is Built up by

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD



To pass a single night in the vain attempt to sleep is among the miseries which one can never forget.

To lie awake night after night with the brain on fire with nervous excitement and the thoughts flashing before the mind in never-ending variety is the common experience of persons whose nerves are weak and exhausted.

During such nights nerve force is consumed at a tremendous rate.

Instead of being restored and reinvigorated for another day's work, the body is further weakened and exhausted, and the mind is unbalanced by this terrible waste of energy with which the lamp of life is rapidly burned out.

It is in this despairing condition that many men and women attempt to drug and deaden the nerves by the use of opiates. There is a reaction to all such treatment that is doubly injurious to the nervous system. It hastens the de-

cay of the nerve cells.

Surely it is wiser to build up and completely restore the nerves by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, a treatment which gets right down to the foundation of the difficulty and effects permanent results by revitalizing the wasted nerve cells.

There will be no more sleepless nights, no more nervous headaches and dyspepsia, no more days of gloom and despondency when Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is used.

But don't expect a cure in a night. The nerve tissue of the body is completely changed in about sixty days. Though you will feel the benefit of this treatment in two or three weeks, you should persist in the use of the nerve food for at least sixty days in order that the results may be lasting.

Sleeplessness is only one of the many distressing symptoms which will dis-

appear with the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It is a positive cure for nervous prostration and exhaustion, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, epilepsy, and all the most serious forms of nervous disease.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

is the ideal restorative for spring. It fills the shrivelled arteries with bright, new, rich blood, overcomes the weakness and exhaustion due to artificial winter life, and prevents and cures the ills of spring. It is, above all else, a blood builder and invigorator of the nervous system. It makes the pale, weak and emaciated strong, healthy and robust. In pill form, 50c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Music.

THE preliminary steps in the reorganization of the Mendelssohn Choir, under the direction of Mr. A. S. Vogt, the founder of the association, were taken on Monday evening last, when a number of gentlemen interested in choral music met at Webb's. After some discussion, the meeting agreed that the choir shall be called together to resume its work in September, and that the enrollment of the chorus shall be commenced immediately after Easter. The following committee was appointed to arrange details for the examination of applicants for admission to the choir: Mr. A. S. Vogt, conductor; and Messrs. A. E. Huestis and A. T. Cringan. The examination will consist of a test as to voice quality and intonation, sight reading, and the rendering of a special set piece to be studied prior to the examination. The annual fee was fixed at \$1 for ladies and \$2 for gentlemen. Subscribers to the previous concert of the old choir will be allowed a voice in the choice of three choruses for the first concert of the reorganized society. To this end, past subscribers will be furnished with a list of the pieces forming the repertoire of the old choir. The following form the provisional committee of the society, the regular election of officers being deferred till September: Messrs. W. E. Rundie, W. H. Elliott, F. H. Herbert, A. E. Huestis, T. H. Mason, R. G. Kirby, G. H. Parkes, A. T. Cringan, A. L. E. Davies, and Mrs. Harold Clark and T. B. Richardson.

A large proportion of the musical public will receive the above announcement with gratification. Although the Mendelssohn Choir have suspended operations for some seasons, the very fine singing at their concerts is still remembered with lively pleasure. Mr. Vogt may be depended upon to develop all the resources of the reorganized chorus, and one may even expect finer performances than in the past.

The usual Handel Festival will be held at the Crystal Palace, London, in June. The performances this year, however, will be given on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, instead of on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, it being considered that the new arrangement will better suit the convenience of the public.

In an old number of the "Allgemeine Politische Anzeiger" ("General Political News") of Bern, there appeared the following notice, dated June 16, 1853, headed "Politically dangerous persons": "Wagner, Richard, ex-Kapellmeister of Dresden, one of the most prominent adherents of the revolutionary party, and against whom a hue and cry has been raised on account of his participation in the Dresden revolt of May, 1849, is, according to information received, about to leave Zurich, his present abode, with the intention of re-entering German territory. For the purpose of his apprehension, a portrait is here given of the said Wagner, who, in the event of his carrying out his design, should be arrested and delivered up to the Stadt-Gericht at Dresden." The notice is interesting, showing that the composer must have been regarded as a very dangerous individual, even in democratic Switzerland.

Some of the answers made to questions at musical examinations are exceedingly ingenious, even if they do not show much accuracy of information. At recent examinations in London the following definitions were made by various candidates: Subito, subdued voice; bass, from the word "burden"; poco strettio, lightly strained and gathered up; Presto, listless; stentando, in a leaning manner; perdonosi, gradually louder and faster.

Miss Annie McMahon has been appointed organist of St. Paul's Roman Catholic church.

Mrs. Louis D. Gordon, the well-known Toronto soprano, has been engaged as soloist for Easter Sunday at St. Ignace Roman Catholic church, New York. Mrs. Gordon went to New York to study operatic singing under Mr. Oscar Saenger.

The 13th Battalion band of Hamilton has been engaged for this (Saturday) evening's military concert in the Massey Hall. Master Frank Clegg, who met with such favor at the last concert, has been re-engaged.

The third of Mr. A. S. Vogt's series of private piano recitals was given at his residence last Saturday afternoon by a number of that successful teacher's most talented pupils. A programme of exceeding merit was presented, and the manner in which it was carried out afforded conclusive testimony to the natural ability of those participating, as well as illustrating the thorough nature of the technical and musical training they have had under Mr. Vogt's direction. Among the compositions rendered were Liszt's Symphonic Poem, Les Preludes, for two pianos; Liszt's Spazialio and Canique d'Amour; Sinding's Character stuecke, op. 32; Beethoven's transcription of Wagner's Prelud, and other pieces by Myaskovsky, Godard, Schumann, and Chopin. A feature of this as of the recitals which have preceded, was Mr. Vogt's analytical and explanatory comments on the works rendered. The pianists taking part were Misses M. G. Macdonnell, Florence Brown, Eugene Quehen, Florence Woolverson, Mary Hamlen, Lillian Nuhell, Mrs. Harold Clark and Mrs. Thomas Kelly. The last recital of the series will be given in May.

Count Tolstol does not believe that art culture has any specific value. Here is a choice extract from his work, "What is Art?" "Hundreds of

thousands of people devote their lives from childhood to learning to twirl their legs rapidly (dancers), or to touch notes and strings very rapidly (musicians), or to draw with paint and represent what they see (artists), or to turn every phrase inside out and find a rhyme to every word. And these people, often very kind and clever, grow savage over their specialized and stupefying occupations, and become one-sided and self-complacent specialists, dull to all the serious phenomena of life, and skilful at rapidly twisting their legs, their tongues and their fingers." As an instance of the brutalizing influence of art, Tolstol relates how he once attended an operatic rehearsal and heard the conductor in trying to get a passage played correctly call the performers, asses, fools, idiots and swine. And he adds, "This nasty folly (the opera) is prepared not with kindly merriment, but with anger and brutal cruelty."

Mrs. George MacPherson, pianist, has taken handsome quarters at 5 Sussex avenue, a few doors west of St. George street, where she will have increased facilities for teaching.

Here is part of a wonderful notice of a recital by Mr. Godowsky in Nashville, Tenn. The article appears in one of the local papers: "The Spazialio of Liszt was bizarre, rhythmic, melodic, lovely, sparkling, ballooning, tip-toeing, and finally 'over the garden wall' into a bower of bejewelled, staccato, diamond-pointed revelry, thirty-second notes, each of equal grace and meteoric splendor, suddenly disappearing into silence. The picture vanished; up rose a small figure; this caught shape of Erdas. . . Let this be noticed. Well constructed implements for piano playing gave him success. The forearm flexors, metacarpal joints, and the lumbricals muscles were all in proper shape to fulfil their destinies. The five mysteries of the right hand and the five mysteries of the left hand were equally imbued with ready cunning, and wonderful skill to interpret the mystical, congenial, well-understood language of the upper regions of Paradise." And so on with this example of tall writing.

On Thursday evening, at Masonic Hall, Parkdale, piano pupils of Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, assisted by Miss Bertha Rogers, mezzo soprano, Miss Nelly Walmsley, violinist, and Mr. John Kennedy, cellist—all of the Metropolitan School of Music—gave a recital, which was thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience. The programme, arranged by Mr. Kennedy, was most interesting, and was well graded to suit the differing capabilities of the pupils; good judgment was apparent throughout, and none of the performers seemed overweighed by their numbers, although several were of a very ambitious character. The diversity given by the other performers was of an agreeable and musically character. The pianists taking part were: The Misses Minnie Palmer, Eva Stannera, Winnie Thompson, May Tomlinson, Mildred Dean, Ethel Mountain, Jeannette Anderson, Viola Cole, Maggie McColl, and Mr. Alex McLean.

Opera in English is to be thoroughly rehabilitated and glorified in New York. For some seasons past, as my readers probably know, performances of English opera have been given at popular prices by the Castle Square Company at the American Theater on Eighth avenue. While the productions were very creditable, there were lacking in them that completeness and artistic finish which would make them satisfactory to musicians. A combination has now been effected between Mr. Maurice Grau and the Castle Square Company, and the result is that the English opera will be transplanted to the Metropolitan and will be produced on a grander scale during the autumn season. The orchestra and chorus will be enlarged, and the artists will all have to sing in English. The prices of seats will range from two dollars to twenty-five cents.

The Musical Age, in a recent issue, gravely declared that before going upon the stage for a concert performance, De Pachmann finds it necessary to kiss a girl in order to give him the necessary inspiration for his work. A correspondent writes to the paper just as gravely suggesting that De Pachmann should try the effect of kissing two girls.

According to Collier's Weekly, when Mme. Eames was making a Western tour recently, she consented to sing at a church festival in aid of the cathedral of a certain prominent city. An admission fee was charged. One man who presented himself for admission was highly indignant when he found that he would have to pay. "Do you mean to tell me," he said to the doorkeeper, "that I shall require a ticket to enter the Kingdom of Heaven?" "Well, no," replied the doorkeeper, "but then you won't hear Mme. Eames in Heaven." When the enormity of his remark dawned upon him, that doorkeeper turned and fled.

Miss Franziska Heinrich, the talented young pupil of Dr. Edward Fisher, was given a benefit concert on Thursday, the 29th March, in Association Hall, as a preliminary to her approaching departure for Germany to continue her studies. There was a very fashionable assemblage, and the event was altogether quite a society function. The beneficiary was given a very affectionate greeting. She played an attractive programme, which included the Mendelssohn G Minor Concerto, still a favorite with amateurs; Moszkowski's Scherzo Valse, the Brassin transcription of the Magic Fire Scene by Wagner, Raff's La Fleuse, and one of the eternal rhapsodies of Liszt. I use the word "eternal" because there is never a piano recital in this city that is free from one of these rhapsodies. Mr. Huneker, the well-known "Raconteur," once said that he wished that Liszt had never written the rhapsodies, they have become such a nuisance. Miss Heinrich's rendering of the concerto was refined and musically. The delicacy of her style perhaps suited Mendelssohn's music more completely than it did some of the other compositions. She never forced the tone of the instrument, and consequently her effects were always pleasing and within the limitations of the instrument. She has a very fluent technique and a delightful touch. Altogether she goes to her further studies well equipped with natural gifts and acquired resources. The accompaniments to the concerto were played by a string quartette led by Mrs. Adamson and a second piano in charge of Mr. Napier Durand. The assisting artists who, I understand, tendered their services, were Mrs. Julie Wyman, who sang in excellent voice and with her accustomed artistic finish several charming French songs; Mr. George Fox, who gave Beethoven's Romance in G and Godard's Adagio Pathetique with somewhat free abandon, and Mrs. Parker, who sang a couple of numbers very prettily. The accompanists for the vocalists and violinist were Mrs. Blight and Mr. Donald Herald.

The latest candidate for public favor in Toronto among musical organizations is the Toronto Singers' Club, which now has a membership of one hundred and forty, and is ready to give its first concert at Massey Hall on Monday, April 23. Its conductor, Mr. E. W. Schuch, is well known to have had a large and valuable experience in conducting church, choral and operatic music, and with the good material which is conceded to be in the ranks of the Singers' Club, may be expected to give a fine performance on that evening. The solo talent which has been engaged is headed by Mrs. Schumann-Heink, acknowledged to be the greatest contralto of the present day.

A pianoforte recital of much interest was that given in the Conservatory of Music on Tuesday evening last by Miss Blanche Badgley, daughter of Prof. E. J. Badgley, of Victoria University. Miss Badgley is a talented pupil of Dr. Edward Fisher, and her playing on this occasion revealed a good style with technical and interpretative ability of a high order. The programme contained the following numbers: Chopin's Ballade in A flat, Berceuse, and Military March; Rubenstein's "Melodie"; Wagner-Brassin's "Magic Fire"; Moszkowski's Valse, E major, op. 34, and the Beethoven duo sonata in A major, in which Miss Badgley was ably assisted by Miss Louie Fulton, violinist. Miss Alice E. Hobson, soprano; Miss Florence Macpherson, contralto, and Mr. Oscar Wenbourne, baritone, contributed some fine vocal numbers, which were well received by the large audience present. The vocal accompaniments were played by Mr. Donald Herald, with his accustomed good taste and judgment.

Miss Katharine Birnie, who is in the front rank of our lady soloists, gave a choice recital of high-class compositions in Nordheimer Hall on Saturday afternoon last. There was a select audience, who derived great enjoyment from the finished playing of the young artist. Among the works selected by Miss Birnie were Beethoven's Sonata, op. 78; Chopin's Ballade in A flat, Brahms' Scherzo in E flat minor, and a couple of studies by Leschetizky and Stojowski. In all these Miss Birnie displayed a brilliant and ample technique, in addition to warmth of temperament and a clear and thoughtful interpretation. She was assisted by Mrs. LeGrand Reed, soprano; Miss Kate Archer, violinist, and Mr. Hahn, cellist, all of whom materially contributed to the success of the occasion. CHERUBINO.

Fragments of Anne's Philosophy

"There are silk linings and silk linings," reflected Anne, shaking her skirt with satisfaction. "When your garments rustle as you walk, you can smile down a snub and avert a sneer quite without strenuous effort. I think some people must be silk lined, they are so nice and cheerful, but a great many people have linings that prick them and irritate them. I really think there is something in that idea. There is Mrs. Millicent, the worst old gossip in Toronto—her clothes even are repulsive. And that Mrs. Lynn, who tells lies just because she hates the truth—her whole person beams with deceptiveness. Old hairpin! There is no silk about either of them. They approach you with the aggressiveness of a mending-basket. And everybody dreads a mending-basket. "Caroline Meharr, the little wretch who flirts with a new victim every time she goes out—she shines like silk, but there is no lining to her at all. Lucy Bonheur has a moral tone like a muslin overskirt with a satin slip. I'd rather have Caroline. Lucy is loosely put together, and I suspect her petticoats of being muddy around the hems. I don't like her. Marion Teiford is oppressive when she is in full feather. She wears silk frills on the inside of her skirt, but when she crosses the road you see the old cotton lining above the frills, and you laugh afterwards when she rustles her scanty furbelows. She is always patronizing the people who are simple enough to believe in her silk underskirt. But I know her, the little minx. Mariette Hayes is as good as duchess satin, she slides out of tight places and glides into your affections as though she was just a silk pillow of a girl, but she stands alone for nerve and courage among all the other china silk dolls when there is a storm. "Personally, I adore trains. Morally, trains represent vanity, while silk linings stand for self-esteem. Some girls have skinny, drooping trains that they trample on themselves. Such girls are pitiful. Some girls have nondescript semi-detached trains that are ridiculous. With the latter girls, any kind of affectation is acceptable, and they have down-trodden shoes. I hate the trains that seem to go all the way round the bottom of the dress—a girl who will wear

an affair of that kind will never discover the cotton lining in a vulgar person's compliments and conversation. I like the heavy train that rests in a straight fold on the floor. It is the kind that nobody tramps on. It is self-sufficient and graceful. People stand off and admire a train like that. The owner of it will think too much of her dress to sweep the streets with it, so she will wear it only where it will not be dragged in the dust. Jane won't wear a train at all, but, in spite of her, her dress sags down in the back, which gives her a slovenly appearance whereas, if she wore a decent train she would look imposing. However, she wears silk linings, which don't fit very well; still they are silk. My favorite girl wears silk linings and silk dresses with long trains adorned with frills of chiffon, ribbons, passementerie, and pearls. I like her the best of all, because she is so dainty and 'bonne enfant.' She laughs, and the chiffon frills attract you. She sympathizes, and you notice the pearls. She weeps, and you gather the whole bundle of prettiness in your arms, and then your heart gets caught in the ribbons. I wish she would come. I've been waiting for her an age."

Anne promenaded in front of the tall mirror and smiled contentedly at her own train which shook her skirt again, until her favorite girl came tripping into the boudoir. "How do you like this dress?" asked the newcomer eagerly. "It is just too sweet for anything," said Anne, affectionately, and she complimented her theory of the deep significance of silk linings and trains to her chum. However, they only laughed over it as they drank chocolate and ate reams of thin bread and butter.

That Brute of a Man!

It is very amusing sometimes to hear a couple of women saying goodbye to each other on the street, or at a railway station. But here is a story which captures the climax on anything in this line I have heard of. A physician was frantically summoned to a certain house by telephone. He found the wife weeping bitterly and intimating rather incoherently that her husband was in a very bad way. "Oh! doctor," she wailed, "it is all my fault. You see, the kitchen is so dark—" "Accident, madam?" "Oh, yes; I hope you don't think I would do such a thing on purpose! You see, the kitchen is dark, and—" "Is it something internal, madam?" "Oh, yes; if only he hadn't taken it, but you see I insisted; it wouldn't have happened if—" "Taken what, madam?" "The tomato soup, doctor; you see, the kitchen—" "Indeed, it does; he loves it, and I was going to make it for his dinner, and the kitchen being dark—" "What did he take, madam?" "He took the soup; that is why I feel so terrible." The doctor clasped his hands firmly, and let the perspiration drop unchecked from his brow. "If tomato soup agrees with your husband," he said, "how is it that it has made him so ill now?" "That's it; you see the can was there—" "What can?" "That I put in the soup." "Ah, of tomatoes." "Oh, no, doctor; it wasn't tomatoes. You see, I had been painting the bookcase red, and—" "And you used a red paint?" "Yes, doctor; it was the same color, and the kitchen being dark—" "Yes, madam, now I know why he is sick." And when she told it afterwards she said: "And there that brute of a man stood for hours with the poor darling suffering and did nothing but ask me questions!" TOM TROT.

"He says his wife learned to sing in Paris." "That may be. She certainly can't sing in Philadelphia."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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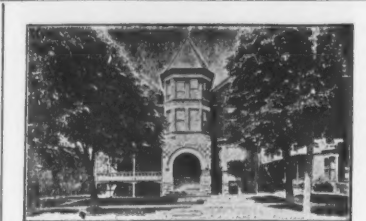
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Social and Personal.

The Pastime Cycling Club's closing dance of the season, which was held in the I.O.O.F. Hall, College and Yonge streets, on Thursday evening, March 29th last, was one of the prettiest and most enjoyable dances in the history of the club. Besides the dance programme, the guests, who numbered about one hundred, were greatly pleased with the vocal selections so sweetly rendered by Mrs. McGilpin, and the charming manner in which The Absent-minded Beggar was recited by Miss Florence Galbraith.

The engagement of Mr. Arthur Somerville, second son of Mr. A. J. Somerville, of Atherley, and Miss Naomi Wilson, daughter of Mrs. C. W. Wilson, of Quebec, is this week's happy announcement. Mrs. and Miss Wilson came up from Quebec some weeks ago and took apartments at Bonnycastle, and, as I said last week, the charming girl whose engagement is announced is one of the most winning and beautiful of our young circle in Toronto.

Mrs. Le Moynes and Mrs. Bryce Stinson, of Quebec, are en pension at Mrs. Kidner's, 240 College street, and are, I hear, to remain in Toronto for some time. Miss Edith Greene, Mrs. and Miss Brignall, Mr. Columbus Greene, and Mr. George Greene, are also domiciled at the above address.

Mrs. U. B. McVies entertained a number of friends at five o'clock tea on Wednesday, in honor of her guest, Mrs. McWilliams of Cleveland, Ohio. The hostess received in a gown of black satin, with touches of old lace, assisted by little Miss Summers, who looked sweetly pretty in a gown of palest blue. The tea-room was tastefully decorated, the color being pink. A bevy of bright girls and young matrons succeeded in making things very agreeable for the guest of honor.

Dr. and Mrs. L. F. Millar and Mrs. Jas. Hartney left the city last Tuesday for New York. They intend to spend a few weeks in Atlantic City and Washington.

The following ladies, mostly wives of members of the Legislative Assembly, were invited to luncheon with Mrs. Mowat at Government House on Thursday, the 5th of April: Mrs. Geo. W. Ross, Madame Eventuelle, Mrs. Foy, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Pyne, Mrs. Belton, Mrs. Loughrin, Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Conmee, Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Leys, Miss Malcolm, Miss Leys, Mrs. Jas. Reid, Miss Colquhoun, Mrs. Pardo, Mrs. Carnegie and Mrs. Bronson.

The last of the Trinity Lenten lectures took place on Saturday, when a large audience heard one of Professor Clarke's most happy efforts and studied his presentation of Madame de Staël. After the lecture the young St. Hilda students gave a tea in Trinity Hall to the audience, which was a graceful acknowledgment of the benefit they had done St. Hilda's by so generously patronizing these lectures on behalf of that college.

Mrs. Douglas and Miss Amy have come back from the South. Mrs. Bunting is away on a visit to friends in Montreal and Quebec. Miss Marion Wilkie is working "con amore" for the soldiers in South Africa, as are also Miss Small and Miss Hodgins. The last bale sent to the Toronto Contingent was packed on Thursday and leaves for South Africa on Tuesday.

A very large audience listened to Miss Birnie's splendid playing last Saturday afternoon, when that clever musician woke the soul of the piano in many and varied themes. Mrs. Le Reed, always charmingly natural and sweet, sang some pretty songs. Miss Archer and Mr. Hahn also contributed. The audience had nothing but compliments for all.

Mr. Angus Kirkland has been ill for some days, I hear, of typhoid. Mr. Kay is better, his friends will be glad to hear. Mrs. J. W. Langmuir's serious illness has been for several weeks a cause of much anxiety to friends and relatives.

An interesting Pianola recital was given on Wednesday afternoon at Mason & Risch's warerooms in King street. The music room was well filled with ladies and gentlemen who were admitted on presentation of their visiting cards. The pianola was tried on an upright piano. The orchestral was very much admired, rendering a Wagner overture and a selection from 1492, in great style. Among the audience I noticed Mr. Falconbridge, Mrs.

Moss, Mrs. J. E. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. John Gray, Miss Jeanie Gray, Miss Mackay, and other music lovers. A couple of selections were given on a small reed organ, to demonstrate the adaptability of the wonderful invention.

Miss Justina Harrison is going to Barrie for an Easter visit. Mr. Melvin-Jones is deriving benefit from his stay at Hot Springs. Encouraging accounts have come of his progress. The engagement of Mr. Walter O'Hara, of Chatham, eldest son of Mr. Robert O'Hara, of Lydican, Chatham, and Miss George Stephenson, daughter of Mr. Rufus Stephenson, is announced.

To-morrow, Palm Sunday, the gloom of Lent is temporarily relaxed, and in the morning at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Manning avenue, will be seen the procession of the palms, which is yearly a unique celebration. Rev. G. F. Davidson, of Trinity College will preach.

The Yacht Club Dinner will be held in the Assembly Room of the Temple Cafe on Easter Tuesday, and promises to be a very smart event. D'All-sandro's orchestra will play, and Mr. Ricardo Lever has charge of the decorations. A large and jolly gathering will be on hand.

A Prosperous Year's Work.

It is no news to say that the Toronto Trusts Corporation is one of the soundest financial institutions in Canada. The total amount of business now under the watchful care of the company is over \$20,000,000, which speaks volumes for the careful management and good reputation of the institution. A summary of last year's business presented to the shareholders at the annual meeting on March 28 gives the following interesting information:

Executorships	\$1,863,310 41
Trustships	766,338 12
Administrations	208,439 63
Guardianships	47,257 64
Estate management agencies ..	34,540 59
Liquidations	381,000 00
Committeeships	21,235 75
Guaranteed investment agencies ..	905,633 89
	\$4,022,336 24

From the net profits of last year, amounting to \$47,453.30, dividends at the rate of 7 1/2 per cent. were declared, amounting to \$35,750. The balance, \$11,082, was carried to the credit of profit and loss account.

Referring to the wonderful expansion of the Corporation's business, the president, Dr. Hoskin, spoke as follows in his address to the shareholders: "Your directors regard with great satisfaction the rapid growth of the business of the Corporation, more particularly its operations as executor, administrator, trustee and agent. The business which may be done by the Corporation in these capacities is capable of almost unlimited extension; and it will be the aim of the directors, while making provision for the development of the business in every part of the country, to keep up and improve the high standard of efficiency and at the same time keep its charges on a most moderate scale."

A distinguished naval authority discussing the events of the last fifty years pointed out a curious fact—namely, that the Queen has never personally pinned the Victoria Cross on the breast of a sailor, though she has decorated hundreds of soldiers with her own hand. The same speaker also stated that the Queen has never been on an Ironclad or a turret-ship.



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Theory (paper work)—June 2nd.
Practical—Between the 10th and 20th June.
The exact dates will be duly announced.

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All information, syllabus, forms of entry, etc., can be obtained of the Hon. Local Representative, Lt.-Col. John I. Davidson, Toronto, or from Alfred Back, Esq., Central Office, Room 503, Board of Trade Building, Montreal.

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Book Notes.

SINCE the opening of the war in South Africa, no man on the English side, apart from the generals, has had more newspaper mention than Winston Spencer Churchill. The London war correspondent. The son of Lord Randolph Churchill, and a scion of one of the oldest families in England, he seems to have an inherited genius for getting himself mixed up in big affairs. He is a young man, but his letters on the conditions of affairs at the seat of war have commanded the attention not only of the man in the street, but of the man at the helm in England. He appears to be a man of executive ability, and a natural leader, has witnessed war in three continents—Asia, America and Africa, and has held a commission in the army. Possessed of literary talent, he evidently intends to devote himself to the cultivation of that phase of his capabilities. If I remember, his first novel came out in England about the same time that *The Celebrity*, the book by an American of the same name, was published in the United States. Churchill was present at Omdurman when Kitchener crushed the Dervishes, and his book, *The River War*, is considered the most accurate and well-written history of the late Sudan campaign that has yet been published. He has been in the thick of the present conflict on the south end of the same troubled continent, and has had more than his share of



WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.

notable adventures. He took a leading part in the attempt to repair the armored train disaster early in the war, was captured by the enemy, held as a prisoner of war in Pretoria, and made a hazardous and tollsome escape. His latest work of fiction comes to hand, therefore, when the name of its author is very prominently before the public eye.

Savrola first appeared serially in MacMillan's Magazine. Its chapters have since been collected in novel form, Copp, Clark Co. being the Canadian publishers.

The story of Savrola and his rebellion against the President and Government of Laurania gives an interesting bit of reading without any stronger local coloring, however, than is absolutely necessary, and the President and his unruly little kingdom might be anywhere as well as in South Africa. Savrola is all along the strong man of his party, who has tact enough to disarm his opponents and transform them to his will, while as for his enemies, they fall like ninepins. The beautiful wife of the President, set on by her husband to defeat this Sampson, complicates matters by falling in love with him. The rebellion involves the death of the President, and Savrola is thus enabled with great propriety to escape with the widow when the city becomes too hot for comfort, and to do this, curiously, by the help and means arranged before-hand by the President for the safety of his beautiful wife. There is a fiery young reformer, Moret, whose fate is very tragic, and the episode of the refusal of a regiment to obey its colonel is told in a most graphic and dramatic manner. The book is full of intrigue, war, meanness and nobleness, and goes with great action and vim to its rather unexpected climax. Savrola has been on stilts so long that his last exit is not quite what one has braced up to encounter.

The remarkable outburst of militarism that has marked the closing years of the century is reflected in much of the literature of the time. Two recent books on war are of special interest. What Creasy in his *Decisive Battles* did for the land, Professor Edward Kirk Rawson has done for the sea. Beginning with Salamis, in two handsome octavo volumes, he takes in chronological order the battles of Actium, Lepanto, the defeat of the Armada, the last fight of the Revenge, Dungeness, La Hogue; the fight of Bon Homme Richard and Serapis, the Nile, and of Trafalgar; the duel between Poudroyant and Guillaume Tell; the Constitution and Guerriere; Lake Erie; the famous engagements between Monitor and Merrimack, and Kearsarge and Alabama; Mobile Bay, Lissa, the victory over the Huascar, Manila Bay, and Santiago. Professor Rawson, in virtue of his connection with the Naval Department at Washington, has had access to unusual sources of information and has been able to adorn his tale with uncommon illustrations, maps, plans and cuts. Taken altogether the work is most interesting. The other work was a story, that famous writer on naval subjects, Capt. Alfred T. Mahan, who is shortly to be honored with the degree of LL.D. by one of our Canadian universities—McGill. Anything that Captain Mahan writes is sure of wide reading. It is not too much to say that this Ameri-

can is to-day the most important writer in the world upon naval subjects. When, therefore, he gives us in a volume the various articles upon Lessons of the War with Spain, which he has recently contributed to McClure's Magazine, his book is sure of attention from people quite outside the professional circle. These technical discussions, constituting the greater portion of the work, are followed by essays upon The Peace Conference and the Moral Aspect of War, and The Relations of the United States to Their New Dependencies; but these papers are of distinctly less interest and less value than those in the field in which Captain Mahan is an authority.

The publishers of the first-named volume are Crowell & Co., Boston, and of the latter, Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The "Good Fellow."

AN ATTORNEY holding a responsible Federal position recently said to a friend: "I spent the years of my young manhood in trying to be a 'good fellow.' I was so foolish as to think that the only way to achieve success in life was to be popular with the boys—spend money like a lord and win the name among my companions of being a 'good fellow.' I found that so long as my money held out I was indeed a favorite among them; but when I came to the end of my rope I awoke to the sudden realization that my notoriety as a 'good fellow' proved of no avail when the



question of bread and butter presented itself. Those who had partaken of my hospitality, encouraged me in my folly and flocked around me, now seemed very much disinterested in my affairs. My advice to young men is not to attempt winning the distinction which invariably proves detrimental to themselves—that of being a 'good fellow.'"

No doubt this has been the experience of many. The youth who starts out in life with the idea that he must first establish himself in the estimation of his companions as a "jolly good fellow," if he would become successful in his undertakings, usually laments in after years the time thus squandered and the reckless expenditure of money which brought only the flattery of those who were deriving pleasure from his extravagance.

He discovers that he really imperiled his future welfare by allowing vanity to supersede good judgment that he might be regarded among his associates as the prime favorite. To become the characteristic "good fellow" is by no means conducive to success in one's chosen avocation, granting that pecuniary reward be the object in view, which, of course, does not hold true in every case. Though it is most commendable in a young man to make himself well and favorably known in the community where he has established himself in business or has entered upon a professional career, it is the height of folly for him to imagine that his interests will be materially advanced by devoting undue attention to the club and to becoming the central figure at social functions. Yet to attain popularity as a "good fellow," under the common delusion that this alone proves the means whereby a person may quickly mount the ladder of Success, is the ambition of many. Nothing can be more false, for it is not the one whose reputation rests solely upon the uncertain ground of good fellowship whom the public holds in highest esteem and in whom it imposes the greatest trust.

Such social distinction, instead of proving beneficial, always gives cause in the minds of the many honestly to doubt one's stability and sound judgment.

The young man who enters upon life's duties earnestly, who, though spending a reasonable part of his time in the society of his friends, devotes himself unremittingly to bringing out the best that is in him and who relies strictly upon thrift and integrity, is the one in whom the world places abiding faith. The "good fellow" as a general rule, because of his proneness toward frivolity, is seldom held in serious consideration by the majority of thoughtful citizens; consequently he possesses slight influence when questions of vital importance are to be determined. Moreover, he very frequently finds himself the victim of excesses induced by attempting to maintain his reputation as the "prince of good fellows," which often results in physical and mental decay. It is the steadfast, reliable man upon whom people soon learn to depend, and who, in gaining their high regard, has laid the foundation for future success.—Herbert Bashford in Saturday Evening Post.

Charley Spooner—I hope you will write me very often while I am away, darling, I shall live on your letters.

New York's Dramatic Censor.

WALTER L. Thompson demands attention as a new and important factor in the life of New York. He is the censor of the drama. To be sure, his authority is not absolute, as he would wish it to be. The public constitutes a court of appeals which, in the case of "Sapho," has overridden his judgment. But in every free country public opinion must be king, and that does not detract from Inspector Thompson's artistic and moral distinction as censor of the drama.

They have such a functionary in London. He is a scholarly and amiable gentleman appointed by the Lord Chamberlain. It is his duty to read every play in MS. before it can be presented to the public, for in England a Lord Chamberlain's license must be procured first. The English censor charges a fee for reading the MS. of a play, and even if he refuses to grant a license he still pockets the author's guineas.

The American censor of the drama does not receive any fees—not officially, at all events—and he is not burdened with the duty of reading plays. But he has the freedom of all the theaters, and being an industrious man, he sometimes works very hard at night watching stage performances. The last few weeks—ever since the New York World began its crusade against "Sapho"—has been a very trying time for him. Night after night he visited Wallack's Theater to watch with knit brows and bated breath Miss Nethersole's voluptuous posturings and her mad cries at the feet of her stage lover. So conscientious was he in the performance of this duty that he can repeat without a mistake whole passages of Clyde Fitch's dramatic perversion of Daudet's celebrated book.

The Inspector is noted for the extraordinary richness of his own vocabulary. Any one who ever heard him censuring a derelict policeman will understand why the language even of "Sapho" sounded chaste and flat in the ears of this master of invective. He was bent on arriving at an absolute confirmation of his first judgment—that there was nothing in "Sapho" not pure and elevating.

Many playgoers wondered who this anxious-looking old person could be, but he was recognized by some of the chemical blondes and Tenderloin cavaliers who haunted the show, and these accorded him sympathetic consideration. Many were his conferences with Marcus Mayer, Miss Nethersole's manager, and with Louis Nethersole, her brother. Both treated him with the distinguished esteem due to a high-minded official who, in order to convince himself of the moral whiteness of "Sapho," was considering it to the exclusion of his inspection district, which harbors 80 per cent. of the worst dives in the city.

As becoming in one intrusted with such an important duty, Walter L. Thompson is gifted with pronounced individuality. He is not a large man, and he does not look formidable. There is a rusticity about him that has sometimes led malefactors into a trap. A stranger would not be astonished to learn that he was a grower of cabbages from Painted Post. He stoops somewhat at the shoulders, and has cultivated a trick of gazing intently at tall buildings and other phenomena of city life, such as would engage the attention of a countryman. Yet he is a New Yorker or nothing. He began his career on the Bowery selling newspapers, and there is no phase of the seamy side of life in that city that he does not know by close observation.

His education was not undertaken with a view to fitting him in his old age to be censor of the drama. In fact, his opportunities were limited. However, he learned in a public school to read and write, and on Saturday nights enjoyed glimpses of highly-colored drama from the 15-cent gallery.

Not always has his judgment been lenient, as in the case of "Sapho." Only a year ago he personally, with the aid of Captain Price, arrested the

two women who performed at Koster & Bial's in "An Affair of Honor." Those women went through the actions of fighting a duel, ostensibly stripped to the waist. It was a vulgar exhibition, but to the eyes of anyone save the censor of the drama it fell far short of the vicious atmosphere of "Sapho."

A French-Canadian Nightingale

A CORRESPONDENT in Washington writes: The most interesting young lady in Washington to-day is the beautiful young French-Canadian girl who may one day—if the gossips are to be believed—become the mistress of Senator William A. Clark's \$2,000,000 mansion in New York.

She is Miss Ada La Chappelle, who has resided with her mother and family in a small town of Montana adjacent to Butte. Her mother is in moderate circumstances, but as she is a widow with a large family of little ones she had not the money to cultivate her elder daughter's exquisite voice as it deserved.

Some one told her of the generosity of the Copper King of Butte. She told him her story, and the outcome is that Miss La Chappelle is now in Washington under the direction of the ablest teachers which the capital city can muster.

Miss La Chappelle is about 17, tall, dark and slender, with a typical French face and the great soulful eyes which are often associated with the artistic temperament.

She came to Washington last fall and until Christmas studied at the Forest Glen Seminary, about three miles from the city. Her teachers found her apt and gentle, and she was very happy, notwithstanding that she left not only a mother and sisters and brothers in her Montana home, but also a young man to whom she was supposed to be engaged to be married.

This young man is a lawyer in Butte, and when Senator Clark became interested in the girl he sympathized with the youth also. A partnership in a leading firm was provided for him. He was here at Christmas to visit Miss La Chappelle.

Miss La Chappelle is blessed with superb physical strength, and her teachers believe that this will make the cultivation of her wonderful voice a success. She will remain in Washington until next autumn, when she will go to Paris and study under the best histrionic and musical masters which the unlimited means of Senator Clark can command. The Senator is profoundly interested in her career.

To the few to whom he has confided the story of her musical education Mr. Clark has said that in a few years Montana, like her sister State, Nevada, will present to the world a nightingale in grand opera under the stage name of 'Montana.'

That is one theory—that Senator Clark's ambition is merely to aid the young daughter of his Western neighbor to a career. But the talk of an early marriage, after Miss La Chappelle's education is completed, will not be stilled.

Comedy and Tragedy.

Into the terrible tragedy of war are inserted now and then bits of comedy and kindness, which, like Shakespeare's jesters, lighten the otherwise intolerable gloom.

During the Zulu war in South Africa an overwhelming force of natives was opposed to a little band of English sailors. From the Zulu host stepped a warrior laden with an ancient firearm, which he calmly mounted upon a tripod in the open, while the sailors looked on, admiring his pluck, but wondering much what he proposed to do. At last one jovial tar suggested that their photographs were about to be taken, and by common consent 20 shots were fired.

Having loaded his piece with great deliberation, the Zulu primed it, sighted it, and leaning hard upon its breech he fired. The recoil knocked him head over heels backward, while a great roar went up from the delighted sailors. He sat up, looking dazed, and then, the amusement over, he, with his



He—Why does your father keep that bulldog?
She—Oh! for company, I suppose.
He (anxiously)—His, or—your's?

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countrymen, charged, and were annihilated by a volley from the steadily aimed pieces of the little band of blue-jackets.—Youth's Companion.

Shot and Nott.

The story of these gentlemen and their duel—a famous one formerly—is revived, and the tale is thus repeated. A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, but Shott avows that he was not, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not

shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding.

It may be made to appear that the shot Shott shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original element, and Shott would be shot and Nott would be not.

We think, however, that the shot Shott shot, not Shott, but Nott. Anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.

Teacher—Willie, what's the masculine of laundress?
Willie Wiseguy—Chinaman!—Brooklyn Life.

Studio and Gallery

FROM the statement of the policy outlined by the projectors of the Art Museum at the meeting in the University last week, it would seem that a safe and substantial basis is clearly, fortunately, a necessary conclusion in their minds. That a Museum is fairly safe in such hands was the impression left on the meeting. A snag or two will doubtless be struck before the plan is fairly under way. It is ever thus. One thing will certainly be accomplished; that is, that Toronto's desire in the matter, and her capacity to entertain the proposal, will be sifted, and the question of a museum be settled for the present, whether it is to be or not to be. This investigation is of itself a good thing. Another result will be a discovery of the experience of other cities in the matter of Art Museums. Some of these results will surprise us. Again, some will be very much more clear as to what such an institution



DECORATIVE PANEL FOR SMOKING-ROOM IN MAJOR PELLATT'S HOUSE.
BY F. S. CHALLENGER.

means, how it is developed, supported, and its immediate results to the city.

It is probable that on the mention of such there arise in the minds of many the well stored galleries of the Continent, with their abundance of works of priceless value, and despair seizes them. "We have no material." In this city are engravings of the masters of that art, paintings also by recognized masters, some of which, we have reason to know, stand the chance of being scattered, to the lasting reproach of this city, and some of them probably to share the fate of that famous Wedgwood-Portland vase sold by an astute dealer in the by-gone days for \$1, and for the recovery of which art authorities in the United States are now offering the reward of \$10,000. It is cheaper to buy these engravings, etc., now.

There are also some good works in the Educational Buildings, notwithstanding the "old masters" collection there, and, as some would have us believe, the prevailing disorder. "Why gather this material?" Ah, how shall the asker of such a question be convinced? It would be easier to answer this other question, "Why should it not be gathered?"

Cities could be cited, Glasgow, etc., whose museums are of very recent origin, and which to-day need enlarging to hold the ever accumulating store. We are not aware that these cities had any more encouragement, from the view of art sentiment amongst the people, than has Toronto.

If immediate action were taken, we were led to believe that a site would be at once available, and on the same good authority we were told of the probability of more than one worthy subscription. It would appear then that a site and contribution of from \$20,000 to \$30,000 are already in sight. With such a prospect there seems but one thing to do—to go ahead. To stop the matter after this is worse than retreating before the Boers.

The public will watch with interest the development of this scheme, and we think that its projectors will find that there is an amount of sympathy and interest abroad much greater than would be supposed. Toronto is making rapid strides in art sentiment. The days of the white-washer and aboriginal mural decorator are over here, we trust. Those specimens of the early art which still remain with us, in such instances as the Public Library and elsewhere, are of more historic than aesthetic interest, and it will not likely be necessary to repeat them. There is abroad, though not as general yet as it will be, a desire for the interior decoration of houses in a more modern artistic fashion, and a tendency to secure the best. This is one evidence of advance in art culture, and the revival of an ancient custom with modern sentiment. Many more homes have been submitted recently to the treatment of professional artists than formerly, and even in public buildings his art is felt to be the appropriate accompaniment of these days of advancement.

Miss Lillian Evans is making for herself a wide reputation, founded up-

on the accomplishment of suitable and beautiful interior decoration, both of private houses and, more significant even, churches. With quite a staff of workmen, Miss Evans superintending and arranging for the artistic whole, several excellent examples of her decoration are now to be seen here and in London and Hamilton. We are told that a series of sixteen or eighteen panels by our best artists are to decorate a room in Major Pellatt's new home. The first of these appeared in the O. S. A. exhibition, and was by F. S. Challenger, R.C.A. It is a new thing, by the way, for house decoration here to be executed by an artist having R. C. A. as his title. The panel has three nude figures, sitting on the ground, with a sheep or two partially in the background. A vivid, rich, blue background makes this a very striking piece, and places some limitations, also, upon the succeeding panels.

Two ceilings in McConkey's are also to be decorated from Mr. Challenger's designs, and we understand a home in Rosedale is to be embellished by him with a series of Canadian scenes, both of which we hope to speak of hereafter. Mr. Challenger must be recognized as one of our cleverest artists,

although one of the youngest. His conceptions are essentially aesthetic, his intuitions true. He is himself and not another. The touch of life appears in all his works, and intelligence speaks from them.

If he be not ruined by the commercialism which insists upon a great deal of art, sufficient to cover a large area, for as little money as possible, but will keep to his ideals, he will accomplish much, and no doubt proper remuneration will come. His reputation should be before any money consideration, and we congratulate Mr. Challenger upon the opportunities at his hand now for the building of such a reputation in interior decoration. We do not hold that a reputation is a first consideration by any means. To be true to oneself, one's best self, is the first consideration always.

G. A. Reid has sufficient evidence of his work here in mural decoration to guarantee accomplishment of works of artistic merit, both in public and private buildings.

Speaking of nude figures, as decoration, personally we are not convinced that the nude figure is a consummation altogether desirable in Canadian art life. We think so, purely on aesthetic grounds, not on moral grounds only, although plenty could be said from that standpoint, but that we leave to the Morality Department—we suppose such exists; we are talking art. There is nothing in climate, customs nor traditions to expect the nude in art as a legitimate outcome of our national life. It is an imported idea, and as an object for general appreciation would not originate here. It is what we are pleased to think "a strain on the artistic utilities," of this land. Italian Renaissance, with its pageantry, its play, its attention to human form, its natural environments, its day, might well give us the human form draped or even undraped. But we are short of pageants. Barring our circus processions and the Orangemen's parade on July 12th we don't cultivate them. Grecian mythology also would furnish such subjects, but we of the woods, and the rocks, and the soil, and practical everyday home life, have little occasion for the development of the nude in public art. In the studio, of course, its lines are necessary for study. And as for the nude clothed in a suggestion, on our public fences—away with it. It has no part or lot in the life of our people.

An object of art may be executed never so well, but if it be in the wrong place, out of harmony with all its environments, it is not art there. Any accomplishment which is within the reach of almost everybody becomes commonplace, it ceases to be interesting. What class of the community are these posters intended to interest? We believe it is a very small minority of our citizens who appreciate them. But we have ever been a long-suffering community, and have been reduced to that condition of mind when we quietly endure having thrust into our faces, year after year, these enormities, these monstrosities, and in the name of art—if you please. Alas, for a Guild of Civic Art, or even a Morality Department!

The exhibition of water colors by Henry Martin, O.S.A., announced for April 2nd, will open on April 9th in Matthews' Art Gallery.

An art museum on a small scale, with an increasing collection of black-and-white in reproductions of much excellence, is Mr. Petersen's room, Yonge street. The artistic public are coming to know these rooms, where the best, chosen with the discrimination of an artist, are to be had.

JEAN GRANT.

Palmer Cox, the famous Canadian who originated the Brownies, was a juror in a case before the Supreme Court in New York recently. The daily press made more of the silent part Mr. Cox played in the affair than they did of any of the other participants. The result was that after two days of pictorial reports upon the case, the court-room and its surroundings were so thronged with admiring children, anxious to see the creator of the Brownies, that the officers had difficulty in assigning seats to the lawyers and witnesses.

The common belief that a spring medicine should be used is correct, but a tonic or strengthening medicine should be taken, not a purgative or weakening one. There is only one part of the system that needs to be strengthened in order to do the spring cleaning that is always necessary—the Kidneys.

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work hand in hand with nature. They strengthen, cleanse and heal the kidneys. The kidneys are then able to do what nature put them there for—purify the blood and remove disease from the system. In fact, the kidneys are the housekeepers of the human body.

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The Woodland Chivalry.

THE wall which divided her garden from his was only about four feet high. Her father was a merchant, and went into town every day. His father was the clergyman of the parish, and rarely went to town at all.

"I'm going up to the wood to-morrow, Jenny," said he. He was thirteen years old and about four feet and a half high, and by standing on tiptoe looked quite imposing over the wall.

"Oh!" said she. She was hardly higher than the wall, and was "going thirteen," as she said, having just passed her twelfth birthday. "Yes," said he, still on tiptoe, feeling however that he could not keep the conversation going much longer at that precarious altitude. "At ten o'clock, when father is writing his sermon and mother wants me out of the way."

"Oh!" said she again. "Yes," he answered suddenly, dropping two inches on to the soles of his feet.

"Are you going away?" said she. "No," he said, resuming his former height. "I—I slipped. Will you come?"

She did not answer, but kept on picking last year's shrivelled leaves off the willow. Her hair was yellow, tied at the neck with a pink bow, and she wore a white pinafore with a pink sash.

"Won't you come?" said he, the points of his toes becoming weary. She held a great handful of white crackling leaves, and kept on picking. He subsided.

"Are you going?" she said again. "No," said he, "I slipped." She kept on picking.

"Do come!" said he. "Father sometimes stays at home on Saturday," she said.

"Well, I'm going at ten o'clock," said he, decisively, on fair heel and toe.

And she never answered a word. He went off whistling through the Spring dusk.

"Jenny, come to bed!" came a voice from her side of the wall; and ere he had time to rejoice over his superiority, he heard: "Arthur, come in at once!" and went in too.

At some minutes before ten next morning—Saturday—he passed down the garden wall whistling very loudly and making other noises. Jenny's father had gone to town, but Jenny was nowhere to be seen. He passed out at the end gate of the garden and banged it. He had said he was going to the wood, and to the wood he would go. There was a chance of seeing the fox at the knoll in the dell, a probability of the squirrels, and a certainty of the rats by the millstream, for whom he carried a catapult. He was about to try a shot with that, when there was a scurry of white and pink at the corner of the lane, and Jenny appeared—skipping homewards!

"Aren't you coming to the wood, Jenny? Come on! Do!"

She did—after a little. He bent his catapult against a starling on a budding bush, and as she looked at him



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she thought, "And King Arthur cleft him to the chin with a mighty stroke," but she said, "Don't shoot at birds, Arthur." He thought she was a silly girl; she thought she was a princess, and he a knight. And they understood each other perfectly.

They did not find the fox, nor did they see any squirrel, and he missed two rats after much patient silence and watching, and the rats thereafter remained at home. So Arthur and Jenny sat down by the brook, on a damp knoll, and talked.

"And what did King Arthur do?" he asked.

"Well," said she, "whenever he heard there was anything wrong anywhere in his land, he set out to fight the dragon."

"What dragon?" said he.

"The dragon that kept the princess captive in the cave." Arthur stopped flicking his boot with the catapult. "What cave?" he asked.

"Oh, the land was full of caves with captive ladies in them, guarded by dragons and wizards. And when he came to Camelot and was about to go in to supper a page met him in the middle of the road and said to him, 'Sir Knight, will you rescue a fair lady held in durance by a vile dragon?' And he answered: 'Yes, varlet; though I be an hungered, lead me thither.' And at the mouth of the cave a huge dragon reared itself and darted its forked tongue, flaming fire, at King Arthur. And his horse swerved and unseated him. Yet did he advance on foot, and with one stroke of his sword smote the beast, so that it fell down writhing." Arthur, listening, smote his boot hard with his catapult. "And with another stroke he struck its head from its body, and entered the dark cave. And the lady, kneeling, said: 'Have pity, Sir Knight!' And he answered, 'Nay, I am King Arthur, and I am come to deliver thee.' And he kissed her and led her thence to Camelot, and they made great cheer. And the page cut the sting from the dragon's throat, and bore it away as a trophy."

"What book is that in, Jenny?"

"I'll lend it you, Arthur, if you come to the wall to-night after tea."

"Are there more stories like that in it?"

"Yes, many," said she. So they sat on the damp knoll talking and silent by turns till he said: "Jenny, you go and hide behind that tree, and I'll come and deliver you."

So she hid behind the oak, and, with many oaths and adjurations of his own making, Arthur advanced to her with a willow branch for a sword, killing unicorns and lions by the way, till he came to the tree where Jenny knelt waiting to be delivered, saying: "Have pity, Sir Knight!"

"Now hide again, Jenny," said he. "But you don't do it right, Arthur," said she: "you don't finish it. The story says, 'And King Arthur said, 'I come to deliver thee.' And he kissed her and led her thence to Camelot.'"

"Very well," said Arthur, "hide again."

Once more he fought his way to her through the bushes. "Have pity, Sir Knight!" said Jenny.

"I come to set you free," said Arthur, and he kissed her on the cheek, and led her to Camelot, by the damp knoll.

"Now, Jenny, hide where I don't know you are, and holla for help when I have fought my way near to you."

So she jumped the brook, and went down among the alders; and he set out with his willow wand, striking right and left; and the dog fox that dwelt by the roots of the beech, caught unawares on his way home, showed teeth to him. And Arthur jumped back in fear for a second, but remembering Jenny beyond, he slashed the fox over the head so that it turned and ran from its very den, and Arthur shouted in triumph. Then Jenny hallooed till he found her.

"Have pity, Sir Knight!"

"Nay, I come to free you," said Arthur, and he kissed her on the lips, and led her back arm-in-arm to Camelot.

"Jenny! Jenny! you monkey!" came another voice. "Come to dinner! Whatever are you doing?"

And Arthur walked home with her and the nurse, and ever and again Jenny put her hand in his.

And as they parted she whispered, "After tea," in that perfect whisper of womanhood that just reaches one pair of ears. And Arthur nodded.—W. L. Watson, in Outlook.

Four Tickets For 1900.

The fact may not be generally known that there are now two Presidential tickets in the field for 1900. It is a matter of record, however, that on the 6th of September, 1898, the branch of the Populist party that glories in the distinction of being known as the "middle of the road," nominated Wharton Barker of Pennsylvania for President and Ignatius Donnelly of Minnesota for Vice-President. Both the "middle-of-the-road" candidates are men of ability, who have not succeeded in convincing the public that their theories of government are practicable. Very much more recently the "Social Democrats" nominated Eugene Victor Debs for President and Job Harriman for Vice-President. Mr. Debs is a resident of Indiana, Mr. Harriman of California. There is no present prospect that either the Republicans or the regular Democracy will refrain from making nominations for the reason that two tickets are already in the field. The action of the two national parties has pretty nearly eliminated doubt as to the candidates for first place on the tickets, but the second place on each ticket is open to late comers.

He jests at scars that never shaven himself.—Yale Record.

"How many of my scholars can remember the longest sentence they ever read?"

Billy—Please, mum, I can. Teacher—What! Is there only one? Well, William, you can tell the rest of the scholars the longest sentence you ever read.

Billy—Imprisonment for life.—Tit-Bits.

TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31st, 1899

The first annual meeting of this Corporation since the union of the Toronto General Trusts Company and the Trusts Corporation of Ontario was held on the 28th March, 1900, at the offices of the Corporation, corner Yonge and Colborne streets. Mr. John Hoskin, Q.C., LL.D., the President of the Corporation, occupied the chair, and among those present were Vice-Presidents Hon. S. C. Wood and W. H. Beatty, and Hon. Mr. Justice Robertson, Aemilius Irving, Q.C., B. B. Osler, Q.C., J. L. Blackie, William McCabe, Alfred Hoskin, Q.C., Robert Jaffray, J. J. Kenny, John Greig, W. D. Matthews, A. B. Lee, James Henderson, William Hendrie, E. B. Osler, M.P., E. H. Bickford, Edward Martin, Q.C., D. E. Thomson, Q.C., William Gordon, George Porter, Alexander Nairn, William Cook, Walter Barwick, Q.C., Edward Galley, T. Sutherland Stayner, Samuel Nordheimer, Henry Gooderham, J. G. Scott, Q.C., J. J. Foy, Q.C., M.P.P., E. T. Malone, Q.C., Dr. J. W. Digby, of Brantford, and J. W. Langmuir.

Mr. J. W. Langmuir, the Managing Director, acted as Secretary, and submitted the statements showing the operations of the Corporation for the year ended 31st December, 1899.

The report of the Corporation was read as follows: The Directors of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation have pleasure in submitting to the shareholders the first annual report of the Corporation. The Act of the Ontario Legislature authorizing the Corporation and the Trusts Corporation of Ontario was assented to on the first of April, 1899, from which date the amalgamation took effect. The statements accompanying this report relate to and include the operations of the old Toronto General Trusts Company for the full year ended 31st December, 1899, but owing to the continued and unavoidable separation of the offices of the two old companies and the inability of the management to thoroughly examine the books of the Trusts Corporation of Ontario before the close of the year, the Directors have for the present excluded from the statements all matters and transactions of the Trusts Corporation of Ontario.

The paid-up capital and surplus of the two companies at the date of amalgamation were, according to their respective balance sheets, as follows: The Toronto General Trusts Company, \$550,000; the Trusts Corporation of Ontario, \$238,000; total paid-up capital and surplus of \$788,000.

Out of this sum \$163,000, less what had been already written off during the present year, was set aside as a contingent fund, to meet all anticipated losses and contemplated shrinkage in values, and \$123,000 was carried to the reserve fund. Having thus dealt with these portions of the paid-up capital and surplus of the two companies, paid-up stock in the new corporation for the balance was issued to the shareholders in proportion to their respective holdings as at 1st of April, 1899, as follows:

To the shareholders of the Toronto General Trusts Company, 3,250 shares of \$100... \$325,000
To the shareholders of the Trusts Corporation of Ontario, 1,840 shares of \$100... 184,000

As the Act of amalgamation provides that the capital stock of the Corporation shall be ten thousand shares of \$100 each, or \$1,000,000, it became necessary to issue five thousand and eighty shares of new stock at a premium of 25 per cent. This stock, after the adjustment of fractions of shares in both the old and the new stocks, was issued to the old shareholders or their approved nominees, and the premium of 25 per cent. has been paid and added to the reserve, thus increasing that fund to \$250,000.

The capital of the new stock thus issued was made payable in ten bi-monthly instalments of 10 per cent., commencing the 15th of September, 1899, and ending March, 1901; and your Directors have to report that the two instalments which matured before the 31st of December, 1899, were promptly paid, thus making the paid-up capital and surplus of the Corporation at that date \$550,240, as follows:

Paid-up capital (including two instalments paid on new stock)..... \$600,240
Reserve..... 250,000
\$850,240

The remaining eight instalments of the new stock, amounting to \$399,760 (of which two have been paid at the date of this report), will, when received, make the paid-up capital and reserve \$1,250,000.

During the past year the Corporation has been appointed to various positions and has assumed new trust and agency business to the value of over four million dollars, as follows: Executorships..... \$1,800,000
Trusteeships..... 766,268 12
Administrations..... 304,489 93
Guardianships..... 45,257 64
Estate management agencies..... 34,549 59
Liquidations..... 180,000 00
Committeeships..... 21,235 75
Guaranteed investment agencies..... 805,683 80

The amount of the business now under the care of the Corporation, after deducting all distributions to date, now aggregates over \$20,000,000.

The profit and loss statement submitted herewith shows the sources from which the revenues of the Corporation were derived during the year, as limited in the second paragraph of this report also the charges made against the same. From the net profits for the year, amounting to \$47,453.30, your Directors have declared dividends at the rate of 7 1/2 per cent. on the paid-up capital, amounting to \$36,370.39, and have carried forward the balance, viz.: \$11,082.91, to the credit of profit of loss.

Considering the enormous aggregate of business transacted by the Corporation, it may be a matter of surprise to some of the shareholders that the net profits are not larger. In this connection, however, it should be kept in mind that, apart from interest derived from the investment of the paid-up capital and surplus of the Corporation, the chief sources of profit are commissions received for the care and management of estates and trusts and agencies. It will be readily understood, having regard to the extremely moderate charges of the Corporation, that an enormous volume of business has to be dealt with in order to produce the compensation which appears at the credit of the profit and

loss sheet, and in this connection it should be stated that the Corporation strictly confines its operations within the scope of a trust and agency business.

Your Directors regard with great satisfaction the rapid growth of the business of the Corporation, more particularly its operations as executor, administrator, trustee and agent. The business which may be done by the Corporation in these capacities is capable of almost unlimited extension; and it will be the aim of the Directorate, while making provision for the development of the business in every part of the country, to keep up and improve the high standard of efficiency, and at the same time keep its charges on a most moderate scale.

The expenses of the Corporation have been abnormally large during the past year, chiefly owing to the enforced separation of the two offices and the duplication of many expenditures. It should be borne in mind, however, that the cost of management of an association having the care of estate and trust funds must necessarily be large. The Corporation combines in its operations not only the work of the largest trust company in Canada but (having regard to the unrealized mortgages and securities of estates) also the largest loaning association, and the efficient conduct of these operations requires the services of a specially trained and necessarily expensive staff of officials.

When the amalgamation bill passed the Legislature your Directors took steps to prepare plans for the reconstruction of the premises of the Corporation at the corner of Yonge and Colborne streets. The plans provide for the occupation of the whole of the ground floor, having a frontage of thirty-five feet on Yonge by a depth of one hundred and twenty-five, together with the greater portion of the first floor. The work of reconstruction has so far advanced as to warrant the complete occupation of the premises not later than the 1st of April.

Your Directors have to record with deep regret the death of no less than three members of the board since negotiations for the amalgamation of the two companies were entered upon. Dr. E. A. Meredith was associated with the Toronto General Trusts Company from the date of its organization in 1882 until his death, during which time he faithfully and zealously performed the duties of First Vice-President. Mr. R. Homer Dixon was also a highly esteemed member of the board from the date of its organization. Mr. Hugh Ryan was a Director of the Trusts Corporation of Ontario from its formation in 1888, and his great business ability and experience were of the utmost service to that company. All of these gentlemen (two of them having very large estates) manifested their confidence in our management by appointing the Corporation to be their executors and trustees.

All which is respectfully submitted.
JOHN HOSKIN,
President and Chairman of the Executive Committee.

J. W. LANGMUIR,
Managing Director.

Dr. John Hoskin, in moving the adoption of the report, said:

Your Directors have much pleasure in meeting the shareholders of the amalgamated company at its first annual meeting, and of placing before you statements showing the year's operations and the steady progress of the Corporation.

I regret that we are unable to hold this meeting in our new room, but the alterations rendered necessary by our increased business have not, as you see, been completed. When completed we shall have offices fully up to our requirements.

I have, on former occasions, as have also my predecessors, referred to the aims and objects of the Corporation, and without going over the details as fully as I have done heretofore, it may not be amiss briefly to refer to one or two advantages which we shall especially as our usefulness is being more and more recognized, as is evidenced by the increased volume of business summarized in the report.

One advantage we have is continuity. This of itself is a very important consideration. Trusts under the control of individual trustees are, of course, subject to the incidents of illness, removal, death, etc., so that the creator of the trust can have no foreknowledge when these events shall happen as to who may be the persons appointed as new trustees. A reference to the proceedings in our courts of this province and elsewhere will show you how often it becomes necessary because of these contingencies to seek judicial aid.

Again, where members of the family are appointed trustees, executors, etc., not infrequently it happens, great pressure is brought to bear upon them to make the beneficiaries to encroach upon the trusts, very often to the detriment of the parties and destruction of the estate. We, of course, are removed from influences of this nature, and the creators of trust may rest satisfied that in our hands the trusts will be strictly carried out.

Again, it often happens where private individuals are trustees, executors and the like, estates suffer because no matter how honest the intentions the trustees may be, they have not the business experience to discharge their duties, and again, and a very important matter, these duties discharged by us are done at much less expense than when performed by private individuals. I make bold to state this, and anyone questioning what I say can easily ascertain the accuracy of my statement.

It goes without saying that our work is of a very varied character, embracing the various business affairs of life. We are acting as executors, administrators, trustees, agents, guardians, liquidators, committees of lunatics and their estates, mortgages for bondholders and so forth and so forth. We have had experience not only in the investment of moneys in the various avenues open for that purpose, but have carried on and wound up business affairs of many kinds, such as grocery stores, dry goods stores, hotels, a loan company, a newspaper office, farms, mills, a railway company, a menagerie, etc., etc.

As to the volume and character of the work, our report calls your attention to a few figures which will demonstrate what we have been and are doing, and with what confidence the public are entrusting to us the management of their affairs.

The Hon. S. C. Wood, Vice-President, in seconding the report, said:

After the voluminous statements read by the Managing Director and the very lengthy report presented by the President, I need not occupy at any great length your time in second-

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The reason why the pianos made by the old firm of Heintzman & Co. will stay in tune longer than other pianos is because of the patent agraffe bridge, an invention of Mr. Heintzman, which gives to them a degree of strength that enables them to withstand the immense pull on the strings and the constant variation in the strain to which they are subject from change of temperature. And the same conditions make this piano more generally durable and lasting than others.

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ing its adoption. The pleasure of seconding the adoption is much enhanced from the fact of my personal acquaintance for a great many years with the Managing Director, who has so largely the management of the affairs of this Corporation under his control. Whatever credit may be due for the excellent position of the public institutions in this Province, both as regards their system of keeping their accounts, audits and the general management, a larger portion than any other should be credited to Mr. Langmuir. His very great success in establishing, directing, supervising and generally carrying on the very many institutions under Government control, eminently fitted him for the important and responsible duties of his present position, as results have proved. I had thought when the Trust Company was established that it was necessary for its success that the Hon. Edward Blake should be its President. The Hon. Edward Blake has ceased to hold that position, and I have no hesitation whatever in saying that, with Dr. Hoskin, the vacancy has been filled with great success in every particular. We all know how important it is for us as private individuals, or as members of corporations, to have from time to time, good advice, legal and otherwise. The Corporation has the President's high standing as a lawyer, but in addition to that his very large dealings with estates and his extensive experience in trusts matters generally qualify him in every way to be perfectly fitted for the position he occupies, and I think there can be no risk in my making the statement that he enjoys the perfect confidence of the legal profession as a body in all its branches as being an able, conscientious and reliable man, and just the one to occupy the position of President of a large Trust Corporation.

With the high legal position and business attainments of Dr. Hoskin, and the large and varied official and commercial business experience and executive ability of Mr. Langmuir, it is no wonder that the Corporation has been so successful, and I am confident that the success of the business is a guarantee for greater prosperity in the future.

The old Directors were all re-elected, viz.: John Hoskin, Q.C., LL.D., Hon. S. C. Wood, W. H. Beatty, Esq., el Alcorn, Jno. Bell, Q.C., Jno. L. Blackie, W. R. Brock, J. W. Digby, M. D., J. J. Foy, Q.C., George Gooderham, William Hendrie, H. S. Howland, Aemilius Irving, Q.C., Robert Jaffray, J. J. Kenny, J. W. Langmuir, A. B. Lee, Thomas Long, W. D. Matthews, Hon. Peter McLaren, E. B. Osler, M. P., Hon. Sir Frank Smith, J. G. Scott, Q.C., T. Sutherland Stayner and B. E. Walker.

At a subsequent meeting of the new Board of Directors, Dr. Hoskin was elected President and the Hon. S. C. Wood and W. H. Beatty Vice-Presidents, and the following Directors were appointed members of the Executive Committee: John Hoskin, Q.C., LL.D., Hon. S. C. Wood, W. H. Beatty, John L. Blackie, W. R. Brock, J. J. Foy, Q.C., Robert Jaffray, J. J. Lee, Thomas Long, W. D. Matthews, E. B. Osler, M. P., J. G. Scott, Q.C., T. Sutherland Stayner and B. E. Walker.

The Inspection Committee of the preceding year was also re-elected, namely: Vice-President, W. H. Beatty, Chairman; Messrs. H. S. Howland and Aemilius Irving.

Man's Mighty Lever.

Taking all the manufactures of the United States in 1899, barring some omissions in reporting horse power, it is found that the total horse power was, in round numbers, 6,000,000, equivalent to the labor of 35,000,000 men, while only 4,475,884 persons were employed, the supplemental labor having a ratio equivalent to 8 to 1.

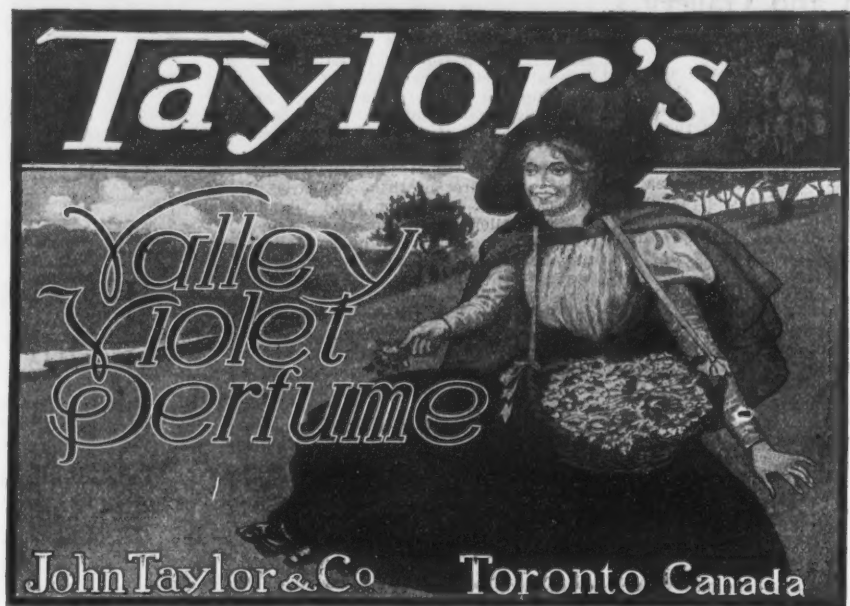
Horse power used in manufactures equivalent to 36,000,000 men represents a population of 180,000,000; in other words, if the products of the manufacturing establishments alone, of the United States in 1899, had been secured by the old hand methods, without the aid of power machinery, it would have required a population of 180,000,000; with none left for agriculture, trade, transportation, mining, forestry, the professions or any other occupations. —Gunston's Magazine.

Slimson—Willie, where did you get that black eye?
Willie—It's all right, father. I've only been civilizing the boy next door. —University of Chicago Weekly.

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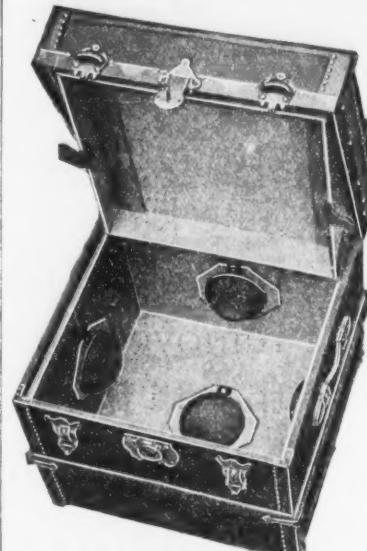
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Welch-Margetson Shirts and Neckwear
Buckingham's English Scarfs

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The Silk of Spiders.

United States Consul Plummer, of Maracibo, reported that large silk-spinning spiders were found in the palm trees of Venezuela. Some produced white, some yellow, silk. The consul understood that the silk had been made into handkerchiefs. A copy of this report, together with a specimen of silk which accompanied it, was referred to the Department of Agriculture. But, alas for mundane hopes! the entomologist says that silk produced in this way cannot be made valuable commercially, because of the troublesome necessity of keeping the spiders separated to prevent their devouring each other. Their food being insects, this also involves considerable labor in supplying them. Attempts to utilize the silk of a Madagascar spider of the same species some years ago resulted in the discovery that the product was more expensive than ordinary silk.

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

Provost—March 30, Mrs. E. A. Provost, a daughter.
Burns—April 2, Mrs. James Burns, a son.
Jones—March 23, Mrs. R. A. Jones, a daughter.
Parker—March 30, Mrs. G. H. Parker, a daughter.
Hawkes—March 30, Mrs. W. H. Hawkes, a son.
Chalk—March 30, Mrs. E. A. Chalk, a son (stillborn).
Scott—April 1, Mrs. James Turner Scott, a daughter.
Hayes—April 1, Mrs. Louis M. Hayes, a daughter.
Haskins—April 2, Mrs. F. H. Haskins, a daughter.
Munro—March 26, Mrs. Newbury W. Munro, a son.

Marriages

Carruthers—Broughton—April 4, W. H. Carruthers to Mary Broughton.
O'Sullivan—Chapin—April 2, Richard B. O'Sullivan to Marion E. Chapin.
Richardson—Butland—April 3, Thomas B. Richardson, M.D., to Anna God Butland.
Henson—Eplette—March 23, E. A. Henson to Hazel Mary Eplette.

Deaths

Taylor—March 23, Thomas Taylor, aged 82.
Accey—March 23, John Accey, aged 67.
Bryan—March 23, Mrs. Wm. J. Bryan, aged 62.
McKibbin—March 23, George McKibbin, aged 63.
McAllan—March 23, Mrs. Margaret McAllan, aged 67.
Andrews—March 23, Mrs. Barbara Emily Andrews, aged 67.
McGarry—March 23, Mrs. Maria McGarry, aged 67.
Gardner—March 31, Robert Gardner, aged 71.
Sharpe—April 1, Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Fowlds Sharpe, aged 80.
Tasker—April 1, H. M. Tasker, aged 20.
Coyell—April 2, Mrs. Ann L. Pitta Coyell, aged 85.
Cooney—April 1, Mrs. William Cooney, aged 75.
Michele—April 2, Sophia Michele, aged 73.
Angus—March 23, William Angus.
McCaffrey—March 23, Mrs. Francis McCaffrey.
Whittemore—March 23, Francis B. Whittemore, aged 54.
Kingsmill—April 2, Ottawa, Mrs. Roden Rombough—Mrs. Agnes Rombough, aged 72.
Wilkinson—April 1, James D. Wilkinson, aged 54.
Walsh—April 1, Mrs. Alice Kenworthy Walsh, aged 74.
Davis—April 2, F. N. Davis of Davisville, aged 68.
Crichton—April 1, Charles A. Crichton.
Knight—April 1, Mrs. Sidney W. Knight.
Quarry—March 30, John James Quarry.
Snider—March 30, Mrs. Henry Snider, aged 50.
Evans—April 3, Henry Evans, aged 90.
Gaynor—March 23, Patrick Gaynor, aged 88.
Maxwell, March 23, James Maxwell, aged 68.

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